

J. BANNISTER

LEARNISTER

THE
ADVENTURES
OF

Oxymel Claffic, Esq;

VOL. II.

ADVANTURIS

THE

ADVANTURIS

OF

Oxymel Classic, Hids

VOL. II.

VOL. II.

LONDON

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF

OXYMEL CLASSIC, Esq;

Once an Oxford Scholar.

*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.*

HORACE.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM FLEXNEY, opposite Gray's-
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M.DCC.LXVIII.

T H E

A B Y N T U R E S

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OXYMEL CLASSIC

One in Open School

Count in main list, mention of
It has been found, in fact, that
The subject, however, is not
The

V. O. R. II

C H O P I N

Printed for W. H. Freeman & Co. by
The
M. D. C. L. X. V. I. I.

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A D V E N T U R E S
O F
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C H A P. XXIV.

*Some proposals are offered to the public for the
benefit of authors, and others.*

WE shall now, by the reader's
good leave, lay down our pen
for a moment, as an historian;
and take it up again for the same space of
time, as an author. Now, whenever a

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writer

writer forsakes the subject, on which he ought to speak, it is almost an impossibility for him to speak of any thing but himself, and his own works. So natural, indeed, is this species of vanity to the whole race of scriblers, that we make no doubt but the reader, from this declaration of ours, will be led to expect from us a most exact and accurate description of our own person, as well as some very learned encomiums on our own writings and genius.

For once, however, the world shall be disappointed. Instead of dedicating this chapter to myself, and my own works entirely, I shall scarce say a single word on two such insignificant subjects; but shall, with an uncommon degree of benevolence, proceed to speak of authors in general, and, if the chapter should not be long enough without it, perhaps of certain productions of the modern age in particular.

As

As I was saying then, concerning myself and my own works: with regard to bulk and stature.—No; I mean, as I was saying, or rather, according to some of your learned divines, as I should say, concerning other men and their works, we most humbly conceive, and in this opinion we are far from being singular, that authors in general are a set of idle and useless members in a society, and their works ought always to be regarded as objects of scorn and ridicule; and for this, perhaps, two very substantial reasons may be assigned: the first is, because some degree of learning is absolutely requisite in an author; and the second, because learning in no degree whatever, as far as we have been able to discover, hath been found of the least service in getting money. For these two most convincing reasons, we shall pronounce the whole tribe of scribblers, such as your Shakespeares, your Johnsons, your Fletchers, your Fieldings, your Robinsons, and your Smolletts, to be the most unnecessary

cessary animals in the whole commonwealth; and indeed, as there is no doubt but they are so, we shall take the liberty of making a modest proposal to the public for getting rid of them.

It would in my opinion be worth our while, to transport all the authors of reputation in the kingdom, together with some thousands of the inferior clergy, lawyers, and physicians, into the new-discovered country of the Patagonians, in order to their making a complete conquest of that nation. By these means, if the detachment should meet with success, our countrymen would have the satisfaction of obtaining a fine part of the globe, and some tall soldiers at a slight expence; but if on the contrary, the authors, clergy, lawyers, and physicians, should chance to have their throats cut, or to be knocked on the head, why then our countrymen would have the greater satisfaction of getting rid of certain burdensome members of the community; for

for whom, on account of their very education, they seem to have no manner of employment.

But should some of our grave politicians object to this scheme, as thinking the very conveyance would be attended with too great an expence; and as this may very probably be the case, we would then, with all tenderness and humanity, advise, that gibbets should be erected in all the public places of this metropolis, and that the authors, clergy, lawyers, and physicians, abovementioned; should be tucked up without the least ceremony, trial, or indictment. Nor do I know of any objection, that can possibly be made to this proposal, unless it may be thought, that it would be cruel and tyrannical to the last degree, to put so considerable a body of men to death, for no other reason, but for their having a little more sense and learning than their neighbours: but this objection, I fancy, will be deemed of no effect, when it is to

be considered, that no-body but the criminals themselves will have sense enough to make it.

Notwithstanding these cogent reasons, should the two foregoing schemes be unfortunately rejected, by a fatality which attends many other excellent schemes, my third and last proposal is, that all the useless members of the community abovementioned, should be collected together, thrown into a regiment, and trained up under the command of those two præternatural geniuses, Messrs. Price and Sampson; then might they be seen, to the number of some thousands, galloping upon their heads, and kicking their heels about them in the air, for the entertainment of place-men, deans, bishops, kept mistresses, and the rest of the people of this realm, who have nothing at all to do.

But these proposals are to be understood, as only respecting writers of some spirit and
viva-

vivacity. Those grave and learned gentlemen, who compose dictionaries, magazines, voyages and travels; those who climb into preferment upon their own folio annotations on the sacred writings, as well as the compilers of our modern dialogues, which, though a species of composition entirely unheard of, till the present age, are frequently christened by the names of comedies, tragedies, and dramatic pieces; those serviceable members of society are to proceed in their old track. They are to eat, drink, nod, sleep and snore, as usual.

Having now shewn all deference and respect to my brother authors, I must beg leave to say a word or two of myself, contrary to my first resolution; and I hold myself excused, because what I am going to communicate to the reader, is absolutely necessary for his information; and it is more than probable, that I shall never have another opportunity of doing it.

As this work of mine is a novel, or a history, or a book of memoirs, in which many real pictures of human life are to be found; if there should chance to be in it any thing too light or too ludicrous, or what may any way offend the gravity of any particular reader, let me beseech him to lay the book down, without abusing or insulting the author, and never to lay his hands on it hereafter; for if he is already offended, it is a thousand to one but he will be offended again, as it is my intention to laugh as long as I am able, in spite of all the grave faces in the whole world.

Should any one be disgusted after having received this notice, it must be imputed to his own account; for as we have acknowledged the book to be a novel, whoever looks for solemn sentences, weighty proverbs, and learned quotations, must be necessarily disappointed: a novel it is, and a novel it shall be. Though we have made this declaration before, we thought proper
to

to make it over again ; for as it is well known, that this is one of the most thick-headed generations, that ever made its appearance on the face of the earth, it might perhaps, without this repetition, have thought, we were writing a treatise of religion, a lyric poem, or an essay on a fiddlestick. No. Whenever we are induced to attempt any of those arduous undertakings, we shall endeavour to be as dull, as prolix, and as unintelligible, as the best of our illustrious predecessors.

We shall finish this short address with informing the public, that is, that part of it which shall read our work, that by some accident or other, a few blunders, in point of orthography and punctuation, may be found in this performance, which unluckily escaped the notice of the corrector. These are to be attributed to the stupidity of the author, or the mistake of the printer, just as shall seem good to the sagacity of the gentle reader and the candid critic : and if

the gentle reader, and the candid critic, can find any other faults whatever, the gentle reader and the candid critic are at full liberty to mend them.



C H A P. XXV.

Contains fresh proofs of Mr. Practise's amazing friendship and address.

AS soon as Classic arrived in town, he disposed of himself at private lodgings, with an intention of continuing there, till he could meet with an opportunity of engaging at some other school; for this was the only feasible scheme he could think of for his support. But as his finances were now in a better condition, than they had usually been, he determined to indulge himself for some time in the diversions of the place, as never doubting but a vacancy would happen, the very moment that he found himself inclined to enter again on his former way of life. This relaxation was certainly well-timed, and might have been serviceable to his constitution, could he have confined himself within proper bounds.

But our hero's misfortune was, that whilst he had a guinea in his pocket, it was absolutely impossible for him to resist any temptation of spending it, that offered. Amongst many other excellent imperfections, he was always observed to shew too much regard to things present, and to profess the utmost contempt for futurity.

Being of this secure disposition, the theatres and taverns soon exhausted his pockets, and he found himself on a sudden plunged in the deepest distress, without having been once startled at the distant approaches of poverty; but when it was too late, he could reflect upon his extravagance, and that wretchedness which must always be the certain consequence of it. He had now sufficient opportunity to moralize, for he was in London without a single shilling in his pocket, or a friend who would assist him with one; and at last he was compelled to part with his wardrobe, in order to relieve the immediate necessities of nature.

In

In this situation, the horrors of which were keenly felt by a youth of his sensibility, he applied for admission into several schools, and as constantly had the mortification of being rejected; and on account of his appearance, as he afterwards understood. Even in matters of this importance a much greater regard is paid to dress, than to the intrinsic qualifications of the candidate. A spruce usher, with little or no understanding, will always get a much greater salary than a doctor of divinity himself, should he appear in a thread-bare coat, or discover any other the least symptoms of poverty.

In this exigency of his fortune, Practise, like his good genius, appeared before our hero, to whom Classic immediately imparted his distress. That gentleman, who had often laboured under the same difficulties with his friend, immediately divined the cause of his rejection, though at the same time, he declared himself incapable
of

of removing it by any pecuniary assistance, as he was not at that time master of quite fourteen shillings and six-pence. However, I'll tell you what, Oxymel, says he, though I have not money, I have got interest. There is my taylor lives at the bottom of this here street, and I will recommend you to him. He will be glad to trust you, upon my account; I am certain he will: for you must know, he has a very great opinion of me; and besides this, I settle his books for him every three months.

Classic accepted this friendly offer without the least hesitation, and even asked Practise's advice about the colour of the cloth which he should chuse. Practise at first declared for white, as being very pretty and genteel; but at last, after half an hour's consideration, he observed, that as our hero had only one suit, that colour would be very improper amongst the dust and cobwebs of a school. True, said Classic; and besides, I look best in black; but
then

then a suit of black, after a general mourning, makes a man suspected of having bought his cloaths in Monmouth-street. You are quite right, indeed, replied Practise; but rat the colour, never mind the colour, till we get there. My friend will shew you patterns enough, and so you may please yourself. Come, come along, will you? Oh! here's the house; follow me, my boy, follow me. But hark'ee, cries Classic, don't you make one of your cursed blunders here, as you did when you introduced me to the fair lady by Moorfields, under the character of a pen-maker. Pshaw! pshaw! replied Practise, with a kind of arch surprize, that was quite a different case. I am very intimate, where I am going now; and though master Ferrandine is worth seven or eight hundred pounds, I can talk to him as freely as I can to you.

Our heroes having arrived at the land of promise, were ushered into a neat parlour, where they waited some time for the appearance

pearance of Mr. Ferrandine, who having at length disengaged himself from some other customers, tripped into the room with the air and vivacity of a French dancing-master; for it is to be observed, that he was a beau by nature, as well as by profession. Mr. Ferrandine, at his entrance, bowed, smiled, and simpered; and then desiring the gentlemen to be seated, asked Mr. Practise, with the utmost politeness, what had procured him the favour of so agreeable a visit. To this genteel demand, Practise bluntly answered, that he had a customer to recommend to him, who wanted a whole suit of cloaths; and this business was so agreeable to the taylor, that he interrupted Practise with a “ Will you and
“ your friend do me the honour of drink-
“ ing a glass of wine with me ?” The writing-master (whose modesty we have before recorded) declined the offer; but conceiving an happy omen from this courteous behaviour of his host, told him, that perhaps his friend might have occasion for a couple
of

of suits, instead of one; that is to say, continued he, with a most significant look, provided you have no objection, master Ferrandine. I, objection! replied Mr. Ferrandine; very good indeed, very good indeed; ha! ha! Come, gentlemen, it is a cold, raw day, you must have a glass of wine; nay, no denial; I insist upon it. Here, Betty, a bottle of the best red port this instant.

The bottle was immediately produced, and whilst the taylor was employed in uncorking it, our great spokesman proceeded after this manner with his recommendation.

“ This gentleman is an intimate acquaintance of mine, and a very worthy man, I assure you. He taught Latin a good while at the same school, where I am writing-master, head writing-master; but at present, poor fellow, he’s out of business, and to tell you the truth, he is not likely to get into any soon: at least, not till he has got himself new-rigged;

“rigged; for a man, you know, in our
“profession, must appear genteel. To be
“sure, he has been very extravagant, or
“else he might have had money in his
“pocket; but what of that? You must
“let him have two good suits of cloaths,
“as I was saying; and as soon as he is
“able, I will take care that he shall pay
“you for them.”

Towards the latter part of this harangue, the taylor looked remarkably grave; and before it was quite concluded, thrust the cork back into the bottle, and ordered his servant to set the wine by, till it was called for. Classic looked on this behaviour as the prelude to a refusal, nor was he deceived in his divination; for Mr. Ferrandine, turning to his friend Practise, told him, he was very sorry that he could not oblige him, but that he had unluckily taken a resolution never to work but for ready-money; and besides that, he proceeded to inform Mr. Practise, that he him-
self

self was considerably in arrears to him; that he had his journeymen to pay off, and that his wife was on the point of being brought to-bed.

As soon as Classic heard this declaration, he immediately snatched his hat up, and marched out of the house, though not without cursing his uncivil host, for a mean-spirited, suspicious rascal; and Practise observing the motions of his friend, hurried after him, with as much expedition as his mutilated member would allow of.

Mr. Practise, indeed, scudded through the street with such amazing velocity, (which perhaps might in some measure proceed from certain hints and inuendos he had just received) that he soon came up with our hero, who was waiting for him at the corner. As soon as he had joined Classic, this most excellent comforter, in the fulness of his heart, and the utmost sincerity

city of friendship, told him, (by way of condolance, we presume) that now he could not tell what in the whole world they should do. Though Clastic himself was pretty much of the same mind, yet he revolved the affair over and over again, and in all probability would have held his consultation in the open street, till next morning, had not Practise proposed, that they should adjourn the debate to a neighbouring alehouse, where he was fully persuaded that they should receive some heavenly inspiration, that would help to extricate them from their present distress.



C H A P. XXVI.

*Which, it is to be hoped, will be understood
by married women, and old maids only.*

THIS proposal, notwithstanding the miserable condition of his finances, was heartily embraced by Classic, who determined to indulge his genius that night, whatever might be his fortune afterwards; and this part of his conduct may perhaps appear excusable, when it is reflected, that the severest economy could have been but of little service to him in his present circumstances: but had he known that his whole future welfare depended on his temperance, even a consideration of that importance would have had but little effect on him; for he had now accidentally lighted on an house of jollity, where he made so quick a transition from extreme sorrow to extreme joy, that all his cares
and

and miseries were soon banished from his remembrance.

Both our heroes, indeed, were so delighted with their accommodations, that they soon dispatched a gallon of that divine English liquor, which is superior in taste and flavour to the falernian of the ancients, or the burgundy of the moderns. And so far were they from stopping here, that they continued their carousal, till the rest of the company took their leave; and the landlord, who was a religious man, gave them notice, that it was high time to depart.

This declaration sounded like a thunder-clap in their ears; and Classic, who was provoked at such ungentleman-like behaviour, took upon him to dispute the authority of the house: but all his remonstrances were ineffectual, for mine host would be obeyed, and insisted on their discharging the reckoning immediately, on penalty of being delivered to the watch in case of non-

com-

compliance. Classic was on the point of returning a most ferocious answer to this inexorable bashaw, when Practise, thrusting his head and right-arm forward, gently stroaked the publican over his fat belly, and told him, in a most submissive and insinuating tone, that he was highly to be commended for keeping good order in his territories; but yet, continued Practise, for once you may break through old rules; and besides, I have taken a great liking to your company, and insist on drinking a pot or two with you, before I go. Come, honest guts, take your pipe, and sit down.

Guts! returned mine host, guts! you limping rascal! you dot-and-go-one scoundrel! Here, turn out, gentlemen, turn out. G-d-damme, I would not draw another pot for king G—ge himself, God bless him.

Classic began to swear with some degree of vehemence at this treatment, and even Practise himself (though he could scarce
speak)

speak) was so much enraged, that he hiccupped out his resentment. The altercation, in all probability, would have ended in blows, had not the watch arrived at that instant, and interfered in the squabble. Though our hero was very far from entertaining any great respect for these nightly commanders, and was now strongly tempted to exercise his waggishness on their lanterns, yet luckily reflecting on the infirmity of his companion, who was by no means qualified for nocturnal riots, he civilly wished his landlord and the myrmidons a good morning, and taking Practise under his arm, sallied forth into the street.

Instead of retiring to their lodgings, to such a pitch of divine inspiration were they both raised, that they determined to persevere in celebrating the rites of Bacchus; if they could meet with a kind reception from any of his votaries. In consequence of this resolution, they rambled about the town, without knowing where they went, with
full

full purpose of executing their design, till at length they found themselves at that extremity of London, which is known by the name of Hyde-park-corner. Amazed at the ramble they had taken, they stopt, in order to deliberate on their motions, when they were suddenly accosted by two of those kind nymphs of pleasure, who are born for the comfort and convenience of single men,

Our heroes immediately fell into conversation with the ladies, and, as chance would have it, the taller of the two, who was above the ordinary size of a grenadier, walked off with Practise, who (as has been before observed) was not quite five feet in height; whilst the other, who was remarkable for the smallness of her make and stature, fell to the lot of Classic: and thus unequally paired, they by mutual consent separated into different parts of the Park.

The god of love, that modest, humble deity, does not always require a temple
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built with hands. His rites may as well be performed in the open air, as in the most silent and mysterious retirement. On occasion, a tree, a wall, a sentry-box, may serve as well, as the rich carpets of Asia, or the soft feather-beds of Europe. Nay, in this very place, there was scarce a shrub, or daisy, which had not been duly consecrated to the service of that mighty power.

Our hero and his lady had not walked far, before they took shelter under the friendly arms of a large-spreading oak, the trunk of which, covered with a sort of moss, softer than down itself, and gradually sloping from the earth, seemed placed there by nature, to give an invitation to wandering lovers.

But what, alas! availed all this? The reader has been already informed, or if he has not, we take the liberty of informing him now, that our hero was in reality near six feet in height; and this we do, not for the paltry consideration of

of filling up half a page, but because many of Oxymel's adventures absolutely depend on this circumstance. Had he been fifteen inches shorter than he was, the world in all probability would have been presented with his epitaph in the next chapter.

Our readers then will please to recollect, that Classic was six feet in height, and that the lady, who is now standing with her back against the trunk of a wide-spreading oak, and with her eyes fixed upon the moon, was not so high by almost a foot and an half. If they consider this with the attention it deserves, they must naturally imagine, that her present situation was very inconvenient to her admirer.

You'll say indeed, he might have knelt down; true: but then he would have been as much too short, as he was too tall before. Whether our exact meaning is comprehended or no, we cannot determine; however, it is certain, that the lady agreed to change her position, if another shilling was

advanced; "for, says she, my dear, you know, that by so doing I shall dirty my new gown."

¶ Oxymel, who would not have been disappointed for the universe, immediately complied with the nymph's request, and they accordingly removed to a place more convenient to their purposes. But as we have the greatest regard for the morals of our readers, and besides this, are perfectly acquainted with the nicety, the chastity, the delicacy of this present blessed and virtuous generation, we are determined, at all events, not to proceed an inch farther with so comical a subject. We shall only observe, (and we would not have done even this, could we possibly have avoided it) that as after lying down, it is absolutely necessary for a man to get up again, so Clastic, in performing this function of the body, stumbled over something that lay in his way, which, on examination, proved to be a book, generally known by the name of Rochester's poems.

As soon as he had committed this important acquisition to his pocket, he went in search of his friend and companion, who had for some time laboured under a few difficulties as well as himself. These, however, he contrived to remove; for the little gentleman having luckily found an old wheelbarrow near his scene of action, like a prudent and consummate general in the art of love, made the same use of it that soldiers do of scaling-ladders, when they have a mind to mount the breach.



C H A P. XXVII.

Contains an incident, on which the religious reader is at full liberty to moralize.

AFTER this violent exercise, Classic retired to his apartments, where he fell into a sound repose, which continued till five o'clock in the afternoon; at which time he awoke in a state of languor and dejection. The excess he had been betrayed into the night before, had totally exhausted his spirits; and the reflection, that he had already exhausted his last shilling, was very far from contributing to raise them.

Having dressed himself, he began to ruminate on the distress of his present situation, and the absurdity of conduct into which he had been betrayed the night before.

In

In the midst of these comfortable considerations, our hero accidentally discovered the book which he had picked up in Hyde-park; and at length, by the assistance of a good memory, recollected every circumstance which attended that extraordinary adventure. In order to divert his thoughts from the object on which they were fixed, he turned to some of the most spirited passages which are to be found in the writings of that ingenious libertine; but in the present temper of his mind, he was incapable of receiving the least pleasure or relief from them. Even poetry itself, though it can remove the pangs of disappointed love, though it may allay the transports of passion, and curb the spirit of ambition, yet it is but a weak and ineffectual charm against the horrors of approaching poverty. He shut it with some dissatisfaction; and at length, throwing it from him with an air of indignation, he observed a paper skimming from the middle of it, just as it fell to the ground.

Classic having faintly raised himself from his chair, and picked it up with the utmost indifference, was not a little amazed on opening it, to find that it enclosed two bank notes, the least of which was worth upwards of thirty pounds: and so agreeable was this discovery to him, that all the physicians of Europe, in full consultation together, could not have administered such a cordial as this to his drooping spirits. Not that he intended to apply the notes entirely to his own use. No. Notwithstanding the distress of his present circumstances, he had too much honour to avail himself of the accident, which had put so considerable a prize into his possession; but he intended to compound with the owner for the recovery of the notes, and accordingly put an advertisement in the public news, signifying his intention of restoring them, on proper application.

Whilst he waited for the event of the notice he had given, Oxymel borrowed
five

five guineas of his landlord, who, at sight of the thirty pound note, offered him three times the sum, though a fortnight before he would not have lent him as many shillings, even if Practise himself had been his bondsman.

Classic waited three days in expectation of the owner of the notes; but as no claimant appeared at that time, he inserted a fresh advertisement in the papers, in which he complained of the vast incivility of the gentleman who owned the book, and at the same time declared his intention of applying the money to his own purposes, if it were not demanded within the space of fourteen days. This time being likewise elapsed, and Classic having repeated his advertisement once more to no effect, he without any further ceremony converted the bills to his own use, as he concluded the owner was ashamed of the place he had lost them in, and in all probability would never think of demanding them.

Our hero, having thus fortunately obtained possession of this ample fortune, renounced his design of entering again on his former profession, at least however, till the winter season was concluded ; but in the mean time, he determined to conduct himself with more economy than any he had hitherto practised. Nay, to such a degree did he carry his reformation, that he actually designed to marry, as soon as he could meet with an agreeable woman, who was not quite deficient in point of fortune.

Nor was it long before he met with one, whose person and accomplishments, according to the language of the news-papers, were such, as seemed to render her extremely well qualified to make a man completely happy ; that is to say, in other words, she had some money, a genteel shape, a tolerable face, and some acres of excellent pasture-ground situated in the Low Countries.

The

The only fault indeed, that could be found with the lady, was, that she had rather too great a tincture of the prude in her composition. Oxymel however, thought proper to overlook this blemish in her, and determined to proceed in his attacks with the utmost vigour and perseverance.

The affair went swimmingly on; and in all probability a matrimonial scheme would have deprived the world of the benefit it may reap from these memoirs, had not Oxymel one day, when he was in all his glory, seen his destined bride purchasing turnips and potatoes at a green-stall. At this degrading sight, his pride immediately took the alarm; and the severe raillery he underwent from some of his acquaintance on this occasion, determined him to give over the pursuit of a woman, whose mean and abject disposition might hereafter put him to the blush.

From this moment he became the avowed enemy of matrimony, and took every opportunity of ridiculing that most sacred institution; but notwithstanding his aversion to this state of drudgery and confinement, he still retained the greatest veneration for women of all orders and conditions. To speak the truth, he never confined himself to a pretty face, a well turned ancle, or a taper shape, but distributed his benevolence with all possible impartiality amongst wives, widows, and old maids. In short, he played the devil with the petticoat.

What a variety of relationships he might have occasioned in the world, would have been almost too much for human comprehension, had he not one night met a most agreeable lady at the play-house, with whose charms he was most desperately smitten. The lustre of her eyes had indeed so surprising an effect on him, that his attention was immediately fixt on this single object, to the
no

no small mortification of his old acquaintance.

We cannot on this occasion, more than on many others, say that our hero always observed the nicest delicacy in his amours; and perhaps the reader may incline to the same opinion, when he is informed that the lady, who at this time so violently attracted the affections of Classic, was neither more nor less, than the wife of an eminent bum-bailiff. But whatever judgment the world may pass on him for this condescension, it is certain that Oxymel himself was not displeas'd at the discovery: as, from the nature of her situation in life, he concluded he might accomplish his design without much ceremony or expence.

Reasonable as this supposition might appear to be, he soon found himself most woefully disappointed; for the lady was as inaccessible, as if she had been really confin'd in an enchanted castle, which was
owing

owing not only to the grates and bars of a spunging-house, but to the extreme vigilance and jealousy likewise of her goaler.

Though these impediments to the gratification of his passion seemed almost insuperable, yet Clastic was so far from being dispirited by any difficulties which might occur, that they only served to increase his ardor. He beleaguered the house in which she lived, for the space of three weeks, without reaping the least advantage from his attendance; and at length, after he had consumed six weeks more in the pursuit of her to no purpose, he one day had the good fortune to see her and another female take coach together. As it was then almost dark, he immediately mounted behind the machine, with design of observing the house they might be set down at. As soon as the ladies had alighted, Oxymel embracing the opportunity which offered, followed them into the house; and as he always

ways disdain'd ceremony, placed himself by the side of his mistress.

The two ladies imagin'd him to be one, who had been invited amongst the number of the guests, as well as themselves; and the master of the house thought he had been some acquaintance of the ladies, as he seem'd to be extremely familiar with them; and so happily did he conduct himself during the whole evening, that his finessè pass'd entirely undiscovered. The company at length breaking up, he insisted on escorting his mistress home, with so much earnestness, that she could not refuse him; and though he had no opportunity of declaring his passion to her that night, yet he had some reason to believe that she would prove no very difficult conquest. Fully perswaded of this, and animated by the prospect of gaining so glorious a prize, he renew'd his diligence, and watch'd incessantly for an opportunity
of

of paying her a private visit, but all his labour would have been ineffectual, all his expectations would have been defeated, all his hopes blasted; had he not thought of the most whimsical expedient, that ever entered into the head of a lover.



C H A P. XXVIII.

Our hero presents us with an instance of uncommon ingenuity; and at length reaps the fruits due to his sagacity.

AMONGST his connections in town, Classic had contracted a very intimate acquaintance with a genteel young fellow, who had address enough to pass himself upon the world for a man of wit, breeding, and gallantry. To him he disclosed the situation he was in; and having enumerated all the hardships and fatigues he had gone through, in consequence of his unrequited passion, he told him, with a melancholy sigh, and a look the most piteous and striking in the world, that he should still be disappointed, nay, he should be ruined and undone for ever, unless he could find some honest, faithful friend, that would arrest him, “for by heaven and
earth,

earth, says Classic, there is no other way of getting at her." " Arrest you, says his confident ! Who dares arrest another man, that owes him nothing ?" " That shall you, replies Classic ; and you shall not only arrest me, but you shall also employ this very lady's husband to seize me. By these means I shall be under the same roof with her, must have access to her, must make a conquest of her ; and then as soon as my business is accomplished, we can easily pretend that our affair is made up, and so I am set at liberty again.

The man of the town immediately comprehended his meaning, and having in the highest terms extolled the scheme, told our hero, that he would do him that piece of service with all his heart. But, you know, Mr. Classic, continues he, that I have but little acquaintance with you. It is true, you have always behaved like a gentleman, and I dare swear you are one ; but there is no such thing as trusting to appearances

pearances in London. If I should do this good natured action for you, and you should afterwards come upon me for false imprisonment—not that I in the least suspect you of harbouring any such iniquitous design; but I say, as the world goes, it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. So for that reason—"Oh! replies Classic, that obstacle is easily surmounted: to remove all your apprehensions, I will directly give you a note of hand for ten pounds. That will be security enough. It is only returning it, or putting it in the fire, when I have a mind to be at liberty. But let me consider; ten pounds will not be enough: as I shall be forced to live away at the spunging-house, it will look suspicious, should I go there for such a paltry sum; and besides, the larger the sum, the better opinion the lady herself may have of me. Oh! here's pen and ink; I'll write you a note of hand for forty pounds, value received; and if you do not lay me by the heels

heels to-morrow morning, I'll break your head the day after."

Classic appearing thus determined on the prosecution of his purpose, the gentleman told him, he was now convinced of his honourable intentions, by his readiness to give him such security as he demanded, and promised to take all possible measures for committing him to the spunging-house; though he for some time absolutely refused to accept the note. Oxymel however, pressed it so closely on him, at the same time declaring that he would prosecute his scheme no farther, unless he was permitted to give this proof of his sincerity, that at length his friend complied with his desire, received his bond, and to shew the kindness of his disposition, had him laid by the heels that very night.

We believe there are few men, who are capable of feeling much satisfaction in a spunging-house; our hero though was so elated

elated with this circumstance, that he ordered a most sumptuous supper on the occasion, and invited Mr. Clinch the bailiff and his wife to partake of it. The invitation was readily accepted, and Classic had the satisfaction of enjoying the company of his mistress, without much interruption or controul; for the husband, as soon as he had crammed himself sufficiently, withdrew to the apartments of another prisoner, who had before insisted on his smoking a pipe with him that evening.

Being thus left alone with his mistress, Classic for some time proceeded with the utmost caution; but he had not the least occasion for exerting that art, of which he was master; as the lady, with whom he had now to deal, though of an exceeding warm constitution, was fortunately yoked to an insignificant fellow of sixty three. Classic had so little reason for laying plans to secure his conquest, that the lady met his advances half way. In consequence of
 this

this, they soon came to such a perfect understanding of each other's meaning, that Oxymel's confinement sat very easy on him. Though the lady was monopolized by her husband in the night-time, yet she contrived to make her favourite youth some amends for the mortification he must have undergone on that account, in the day-time. Whilst Mr. Clinch was in quest of other prisoners abroad, Mrs. Clinch, like a true Christian, employed herself in comforting the prisoner at home.

Thus did Classic's hours fleet imperceptibly away; but, alas! at length he began to wake from his dream of pleasure. Human nature could not relish eternal confinement, even in a paradise, or a seraglio. Oxymel was at last fated with the charms of his mistress, adorable as she was, and began to sigh after his former liberty. As he now wished to be freed from his restraint, he dispatched a note, by a special messenger to his good friend the beau, desiring that

he

he would give immediate orders for his discharge.

To this request our hero received a very laconic answer, the meaning and import of which was, that Mr. Classic might be discharged that very night, provided he thought proper to pay the money for which he had been arrested.

Oxymel at first considered this hint, as the effect only of a scheme laid to raise a little innocent mirth at his expence, and was very little concerned at it; but he was soon undeceived, and found that his supposed friend was a needy and rapacious scoundrel, who was determined to make the best use of those advantages, with which his own imprudence had furnished him. The only alternative which now remained in the choice of our hero, was either to pay the money, or to go to goal. By these means his situation was rendered as distressful as can be well conceived, for his extravagance at the
spun-

spunging-house had made the one impossible, and his natural antipathy to all sorts of confinement could not fail of rendering the other extremely disagreeable to a gentleman of his mercurial disposition.

As his last resource, he determined to communicate the dilemma he was in to his mistress; but she unfortunately was unable either to assist him with money, or to contribute to his escape: for her husband was constantly his own banker, and besides this, he never suffered the keys of his house to be out of his own possession for a single moment. Thus deprived of all means of regaining his liberty, Classic resolved to throw himself on the mercy of his creditor, but this scheme likewise was attended with no success, for that gentleman continued unalterable in his resolution, though Classic offered him all the money he was master of at that time, as a composition for his liberty.

C H A P. XXIX.

Oxymel's evil genius begins to forsake him:

BEING thus cut off from all expectations of obtaining his enlargement, he thought proper to acquiesce in his ill fortune, with as much grace as possible; and the day for his removal to prison now approaching, he contrived to dedicate one whole evening to the company of his lovely mistress, whilst her husband was from home, by way of taking his last farewell of her. In this point indeed he was peculiarly happy; for he had the satisfaction of enjoying her delicious conversation from six till ten, without the least interruption or controul.

At this time our hero, wound up to the highest pitch of extasy, was breathing the most rapturous wishes in her ear, and vowing eternal fidelity, with his arms twined

so closely round her neck, that no answer to all his raptures could escape from her, but a soft, gentle, amorous murmur, milder than the balmy zephyr, sweeter than Arabian gales, when in a moment the door burst open, with a noise like that of thunder, and the scoundrel Clinch sallied upon Clastic, brandishing a poker in the one hand, and a quart bottle in the other.

This behaviour of the bailiff seems to be almost as unaccountable, as his appearance was mal-a-propos; for till this instant he had never exhibited the least signs of jealousy or suspicion towards Clastic. But the truth of the matter was, that gentleman was just returned from a neighbouring alehouse, with too great a quantity of porter in his head; and being informed, on enquiring for his wife, that she had been three or four hours in the prisoner's apartments, he was seized with an instantaneous fit of jealousy; and in the frenzy of
intox-

intoxication, resolved to demolish his rib and her gallant at the same time.

In order to effect this, as soon as he entered the room, he, without the least expostulation, threw the bottle at his wife's head, which it very unluckily missed, and demolished a large looking-glass on the opposite side of the room. In his next effort, however, he was more successful, for with his poker he took such excellent aim at the temple of our hero, that he laid him at his full length upon the floor, without sense or motion.

Whatever reason Mr. Clinch might have to value himself on his dexterity, it must be confessed, that he did not seem at all pleased with the effects of his handy work. As soon as he perceived the situation of our hero, all his fury deserted him; and he most humbly besought his wife to assist him in the recovery of the prisoner, though not be-

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fore

fore he had implored pardon for his folly, in the most submissive terms, and imputed his outrageous and absurd deportment, to the quantity of liquor he had drank.

The good woman answered this submission of his in the true matrimonial strain; and told him, with the utmost tenderness and affection, that she only wished she might live to see him hang'd: aye, if she could but live to see that day, she did not care if she died the next. At last, however, she was prevailed on to lend her assistance, whether for the sake of the husband, or the lover, is not ours to determine; and Oxymel being by her advice conveyed to bed, a physician of skill and eminence was immediately sent for, who having ordered him to be blooded, and made all proper applications, after some time brought him to himself. And so fast did his cure advance, under the care and abilities of this diligent physician, that in three days time he was able to get down stairs.

At the conclusion of this period, the physician, who had not hitherto recognized the features of our hero, disguised as they were by the bruises which he had received, came again to visit him; but what was his surprize, when, in his wretched patient, he discovered his own godson, the unfortunate hero of these memoirs!

The physician was a man of humanity; and though he had long since abandoned all hopes of reclaiming our imprudent youth, yet he could not behold his present distress, without feeling for him with all the tenderness of a parent.

He started at the sight of his distress; he wrung his hand with anguish; and whilst he complained of, and condemned his former indiscretions, hinted his desire of retrieving him from his present melancholy situation. This declaration Oxymel received with the tears of gratitude starting from his eye; and in the fulness of his heart,

made such ample professions of amendment, that the good physician immediately took proper measures for releasing him from his confinement; and not contented with this exertion of humanity, ordered him to be conveyed to his own house, where a genteel apartment was fitted up for his reception.

The situation of our hero was now as agreeable as he could expect, and much more easy than he deserved. He was always treated with the utmost politeness, and indulged in every reasonable gratification. During this interval of happiness, that ardent inclination for the study of physic, which was so remarkable in Clastic in his younger days, revived in him with greater force and violence than ever. He accordingly applied himself to it in good earnest, and made so great a proficiency in it, that he at length began to be very serviceable to his generous benefactor. In short, he demeaned himself with such discretion,

cretion, and promised so fairly, by his parts and application, to make a figure amongst the most celebrated of the faculty, that his godfather actually offered him his only daughter in marriage, with an immediate portion of five thousand pounds.



C H A P. XXX:

Orymel is more fortunate than ever.

FEW young men, in the circumstances of Classic, would have hesitated a moment, at the offer which was made him; but unluckily, the temper of the lady who was proposed to him in marriage, was not the most agreeable in the world: and besides this, her person was such, as would have effectually secured her virginity, even in the country of the Hottentots. Her voice was a kind of medium betwixt the music of a Scotch bag-pipe, and the caterwauling of a cat; her face was of such excessive dimensions, and præternatural features, that the most exquisite pencil, directed by the most flattering hand, could not, by preserving even the most distant resemblance, have struck out the appearance of one human feature. And so strict

thought himself at this period, could he have exchanged the comforts of matrimony for the confinement of a goal. However, there was now no remedy. His consent was formally demanded, and formally given; and a day was soon after appointed for the solemnization of his nuptials.

On this glorious festival the bride was dress'd in white, which, though it is deemed the emblem of innocence and beauty in our own country, at this time reminded Clastic, that it is used on the most dismal and funereal occasions in some others. As for Oxymel, he would have been contented with an old thread-bare suit of black, the very refuse of an Undertaker's wardrobe; yet to grace the solemnity, he condescended to appear in a suit of blue and gold. Thus bedecked, and accompanied by their friends, this charming pair of lovers set out for the next church, where they arrived safe and sound in due season.

When

When the minister begun the matrimonial service, our hero's heart fainted within him; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could make the necessary responses. However, that he might sacrifice himself with a good grace, he exerted all his courage, and declared, with a distinct and audible voice, before the whole congregation, that he was ready to take the lady at the altar, for better for worse, in sickness and in health, till she was parted from him by the stroke of death. But—pardon the expression—the devil is in these women: my lady, though when she had a mind to harangue the servants at home, she could be heard at the distance of five thousand furlongs, was seized with so many virgin fears on this awful occasion, that not a soul in the church could hear one single syllable which she uttered.

The officiating minister, who was a gentleman of the most unblemished life, and observant of the minutest circumstances in

the performance of his duty, insisted on her speaking in such a manner, that he, at least, might be convinced, that she had no design to elude the performance of the marriage-vow. Thus admonished, she proceeded through half the sentence with tolerable distinctness; but when she came to that abominable dissyllable, *Obey*, her voice sunk in an instant, and she hurried on with the utmost precipitation to the next words. But this availed her nothing. The clergyman, though a man of learning and religion; had a strong tincture of the humourist in him; his real character, indeed, was sufficiently displayed on this occasion. Instead of proceeding with the service, he repeated the word, *Obey*, again, but no reply was made. He repeated it the third time, and the lady was still silent. Provoked at this obstinacy, he turned to Classic, and told him, he was under a necessity of finishing the ceremony at that place, unless the forms prescribed in it were complied with by all the parties.

On

On this, Classic, with all the tenderness he could assume, addressed himself to the lady, and told her, he hoped she would so far oblige him, as no longer to withstand the humour of the clergyman; assuring her, at the same time, that she should never repent of her condescension, as this would be the only instance in which he should ever exact her obedience. Obedience, indeed! replied the lady. I'll not promise obedience to any man living. Besides, I know several ladies of my acquaintance, who never said obey, and there is no reason why I should say it any more than another; and let me tell you, I think myself as good as any of you; and more than that, I will promise to obey none of you.

Oxymel took fire at this haughtiness of behaviour, and looking with more indignation than he had ever done in his life before, replied with great warmth; and at the conclusion of his speech, which was certainly the best he ever made, "Madam,
" said

“ said he, I am sorry to observe so much
“ ill-nature and perverseness in one whom
“ I regarded ; yet I am glad that I am
“ sensible of it, before it is too late. In
“ matrimony, there is no medium betwixt
“ a sovereign and a slave ; and since you
“ will not obey, by G—d you shall not
“ command.”

Having thus declared his sentiments, he retired abruptly from the altar, and left his bride to lament her obstinacy at leisure.

As soon as he had completed his escape from the church, and could revolve in his own mind the peculiarity of his fate, he began to think that his ill fortune had at length deserted him, and that some overruling providence directed all his actions. In meditations of this nature, he spent about two hours and an half, when, by means of an odd accident, he recollected himself so far, as to judge it necessary for him to retire to some neighbouring tavern,

till

till his present transport should subside; and this was the most prudent step that he could have taken; for his behaviour, at this unexpected turn in his affairs, had been so very frantic and extravagant, that he had for some time attracted the eyes and observation of every individual that passed by him. Various conjectures indeed were formed at his expence. Some supposed him to have been a young heir, who had just arrived at the possession of a large fortune, by the sudden departure of his father to another world; others, that he was a tragedy-king from the spouting-clubs, in the very act of rehearsal; and not a few were inclined to believe that he was really disordered in his brain. And indeed Classic afforded sufficient reason for these conclusions; for this moment he rubbed his hands together, and the next he slapped himself upon the head; then he'd curse, swear, grin, stamp with his foot, and on a sudden fly from one side of the way to
the

the other, and overturn every passenger he met with: then he'd start, stop and mutter to himself, but I am sure of it? can it be! zounds! 'sdeath! delusion! am I married, or am I not married?.

It is impossible to determine to what a pitch of extravagance he might have proceeded, had he not in his full career run against an hackney-coachman, at the very moment that he was lifting a full gallon to his mouth, and knocked him, liquor, pot and all into the kennel. This offensive attack drew on him a whole volley of oaths from the fellow, and certain menaces of sending him to the devil in a moment; and at length the storm grew so high, that Classic was awakened from his trance. As soon as he became sensible of the mischief he had occasioned, instead of retorting the abuse which was heaped on him, he made an apology for the absurdity of his deportment, and at last, effectually pacified the offended coachman by a present of half a crown.

crown. Being thus roused from his reverie,
 he retired as fast as possible from the crowd,
 which this ludicrous adventure had drawn
 together, and took shelter from their shout
 and clamour in the first tavern that pre-
 sented itself to his view.



C H A P. XXXI.

One of the most respectable characters in this history, makes an extraordinary figure on several occasions.

AS soon as Classic had obtained a secure retreat, and was fully convinced in his own mind, that he had suffered no alteration in his condition, he began to debate within himself, on the course he should take for his future sustenance and support ; as he had now entirely forfeited all hopes of obtaining the five thousands pounds, which he had been so certain of in the Morning. In the course of this self consultation, he perceived the impossibility of his ever living, with the least degree of satisfaction, under the same roof with a lady, whom he had so outrageously offended, and he like-
wise

wife had too much modesty to think of applying for any future assistance to his god-father.

During his practise as a physician, he had contrived to pick up a few guineas; and had also gained experience enough by his intercourse with the world, to be sensible of the expediency of keeping them; at least till he saw some probability of getting more. This consideration for some time, wholly ingrossed his attention, and he was on the point of coming to a full conclusion, when he was suddenly alarmed by the strangest mixture of sounds, that perhaps ever invaded on human ear. A confused noise of scratching, scuffling, mumbling, cursing, and swearing, proceeded from an adjoining stair-case, which so effectually excited Classic's curiosity, that he directly hastened to it. As soon as he arrived at the place whence this uncommon noise proceeded, the first object that he discerned was his old friend and companion, Practise,

tise, who, with the leg of a large capon in his mouth, was struggling with one of the drawers, and endeavouring to rescue himself from his clutches. To this task however, he was by no means equal, for the drawer, in spite of all his resistance, held him fast with one hand, whilst he thumped him most unmercifully with the other.

This was sufficient to engage Classic in the quarrel, who immediately rescued his friend from the danger he was in, and would most certainly have kicked the waiter down stairs, had not the fellow convinced him, that Mr. Practise was the aggressor. The truth of the matter is, that Mr. Practise, as he was mounting up stairs, in order to regale himself with a glass of white wine before dinner, most unluckily observed a fine capon swimming in gravy sauce at the door of one of the apartments. This capon had been provided for a great senior fellow, who was just arrived from the university of Cambridge, by way of rel-
lish.

fish to a venison pasty, on which he was engaged to dine at four o'clock, and had been unfortunately deposited there by the waiter, whilst he went in quest of two bottles of claret, which were ordered to accompany the said capon.

Now the ingenious Mr. Practise, either not knowing, or disregarding the great personage for whom this repast was intended, suffered his appetite so far to get the better of his good manners, as to seize it without the least ceremony, and curtail it of one of its most valuable members. But no sooner had he performed the amputation, than the drawer returned with the two bottles of claret, and discovered Practise in the very act of devouring what he had so unjustly possessed himself of; and as he was too sensible that the great personage abovementioned would resent the loss of the least morsel of his meal, and would naturally wreak his vengeance on him, he was so exasperated at the dilemma to
which

which he was reduced by the voraciousness of this chance customer, that he fell most furiously upon the worthy Mr. Practise, without shewing the least regard to that gentleman's infirmities. It is unknown how much Practise might have suffered in the flesh, had he not been released by the timely interposition of Classic, who, as soon as he had fully effected his deliverance, retired with him to an adjoining room, where he soon communicated to him all the adventures which had befallen him, since their parting with each other, after the affair in Hyde-Park.

Classic had no sooner ended the recital of his adventures, than Practise jumped, or rather hopped from his seat, and swore, that the circumstance of stealing part of the capon was the luckiest circumstance of his whole life, since it was owing to that very accident, that he had now an opportunity of obliging the dearest friend he had in the whole world; and when Classic demanded

manded an explanation of this innuendo, Practise informed him, that after his departure from Cocker's, his own situation grew so disagreeable on account of Dangle and the black broth, that he determined to quit the place, and having in consequence of this resolution immediately come to London, he was soon engaged as writing-master at a very reputable academy, and concluded his speech with observing, that a latin master was wanted at that time in the same school, a place, which he said he was sure his friend Classic might succeed to, partly by his own merit, and partly by the recommendation, which he (Mr. Practise) would give him.

Though Classic had no great inclination for the profession of a pedagogue, yet he was not long in deliberation with his own thoughts, before he determined to accept of the offer which Mr. Practise made him : being introduced by that Gentleman to the master of the school, he was readily accepted

cepted as an assistant : and he was now to be engaged in the instruction of young gentlemen only, that circumstance in great measure alleviated the fatigues to which his present profession was above all others exposed. At length he became so well inured to his employment, and was so perfectly satisfied with his situation, that he did not seem to entertain the least wish of relinquishing it, and indeed he soon recovered his natural gaiety, which a little before had been somewhat checked by the horrors of approaching matrimony. But not to detain the reader by descending to the particulars of his situation, suffice it to say, that his circumstances were so easy, and his situation so agreeable, that his former spirits returned, and with them a most violent inclination to mischief.

Though Practise was his intimate companion, and possessed no inconsiderable share in his friendship, yet our hero, in the wantonness of his temper, could not sometimes

times forbear exerting his talents even upon him. He was indeed so very fond of mirth, that he seldom cared, who was the sacrifice to it.

Classic having a design against Practise, one evening seduced him to a neighbouring tavern, where he treated him plenteously with wine and good cheer, in order to take off all suspicion of the prank which he intended to execute upon him. When Practise had drank sufficiently, for Classic took care that he should not too far exceed the bounds of temperance, they returned to the academy, and retired to their respective apartments, which were situated on the same floor, and only separated by a thin partition of deal. Mr. Practise being heartily inclined to sleep, extinguished his candle, and drew the curtains close round him; he was on the point of composing himself for the whole night, in the most comfortable manner imaginable, when in

a moment all the curtains of his bed flew from the head to the feet, with amazing noise and rapidity. Practise started up with the utmost astonishment, and though he listened with the greatest attention, could hear nothing in the room. Notwithstanding he had been drinking pretty freely, yet he had reflection enough left to conclude, that the noise, which he imagined he had heard, was only in his own brain, and that in his hurry he had forgot to draw his curtains, and at last he found reasons enough to convince him, that this must certainly have been the case.

Thus perswaded, he once more drew the curtains from the feet to the head of the bed, and laid him down without the least fear or apprehension, but no sooner did he begin to nod, than the curtains flew back again, with ten times as much violence as they had done before ; most dreadfully alarmed at this second visitation, Practise started

started from his sleep, sweating from top to toe, and cried out in a faint voice, "In the name of Heaven, who is there?" And then immediately falling upon his knees, he offered up his prayers to all good Angels with more devotion than he had ever done in his whole life before. But strong as his devotion might be, his fears were so much stronger, that he left his prayers unfinished, and hobbled to the door of Classic's apartment, as fast as his disabled member, and the darkness of the night would permit him. But unfortunately for Practise, Classic's door was fast locked, and he himself so fast asleep, that the writing-master at last thought proper to retire, as it seemed impossible to awake him without disturbing the whole family.

Classic, who had designed the whole affair, and executed this grand contrivance, by tying a piece of thin packthread to the extreme ring of the curtains, and passing it

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through

through the rest, 'till it was conveyed into his own apartment, by means of a small hole bored in the partition abovementioned, for that purpose; enjoyed his pannic, and hearing him creep down stairs, concluded that his scheme was now spoiled, as he supposed that Practise was gone in quest of some other lodging for the remainder of the night.

As he had nothing farther to detain him from his repose, he soon fell into a sound slumber, which however was presently disturbed by a most violent uproar, which raged in the apartments underneath him. Murder! murder! thieves! thieves! was frequently repeated, and a most dismal yell at once proceeded from the throats of all the boarders in the house. Alarmed at the noise, Classic drest himself with all expedition, and after breaking his shins, and tumbling down half a pair of stairs, he arrived at the scene of discord and confusion; but

but so strangely bewildered in his senses, that he could by no means discover into what part of the house he had got.

But in spite of the perplexity occasioned by this circumstance, he endeavoured to quell the uproar, but when he found all his efforts ineffectual, he very prudently thought proper to retire again, if possible, to his own apartments. As he was groping from room to room, in order to put this design in execution, he was met at the turn of a long passage by Mr. Goddart himself, the master of the academy, with a candle in his hand, who immediately said to him in the name of God, what's the matter ?

Classic acquainted him with his ignorance of the whole affair, and at the same time offered to accompany him to the place whence the noise proceeded, which they no sooner arrived at, than they discovered our

hero's friend, and Mrs. Betty the chambermaid, banging one another at a most prodigious rate in the middle of the room.

Goddart having interposed betwixt the two combatants, and dismissed the young Gentlemen who had been gathered together by the noise, demanded the reason of such a preposterous engagement, and at last by the dint of a thousand questions, he found that Mr. Practise, having been frightened in his own room, had retired to the apartment of his favourite mistress, with a design of asking her advice and assistance in his present distressed situation; and that, as Mr. Practise was groping his way into bed, in order to hold a freer consultation with his privy counsellor in all ticklish affairs, Mrs. Betty had awaked, and unfortunately taken him for an house-breaker; and that in consequence of this mistake, she had dealt him so violent a blow on the left eye, that the writing-master forgetting all tenderness for one who used him so inhumanly

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ly, returned the assault in such a manner as to raise all the noise and hurry which ensued on it.

Mr. Goddart was not a little surpris'd at this conduct of his assistant; but after reflecting a little on the absurdity of his behaviour, and imputing it to the right cause, he recommended Practise to the care of Classic, who, with all possible expedition, conveyed him to his own apartment.



C H A P. XXXII.

Contains a very common occurrence.

THIS adventure had liked to have proved fatal to Mr. Practise, who would have received his dismissal next morning, had it not been for the kind offices of his friend, who interposed so effectually in his behalf, that his attempt on the chastity of fair Mrs. Betty, was for this time overlooked; and they might both have continued together many years with the utmost felicity, had not their happiness been suddenly interrupted by a surprising revolution in the affairs of the family in which there were situated.

Goddart, the master of the school, was in every respect a man of strict honour,
and

and un sullied reputation ; indefatigable in the performance of his duty, and so intent on the management of his school, that he forgot all his concerns but that. Besides this he had so much of the milkeness of human nature in him, that his own unsuspecting disposition exposed him to the designs of villainy and imposition. Distress never applied to him without relief, nor hypocrisy itself without success. The whole world allowed him to be humane, the whole world commended him for it, and the whole world, as is usual in such cases, made their advantage of it. His tradesmen constantly resounded his praises, and as constantly took every opportunity of cheating him. Nor was this the end of his misfortunes. He was at length completely ruined by the treachery of a sly, perfidious scoundrel, whom he had raised from the dunghill, to a state of ease and happiness. Practise, though a writing master at the school, held the second place only in

his department; for the chief care of that branch in teaching, was committed at that time to a person whom we must here distinguish by the name of Rump.

This fellow, this Rump, had been originally educated at a country charity school, where he learned to read and write, and afterwards served an apprenticeship at a livery stable in the north of England; but at length growing weary of a laborious life, he gave his master the slip, and from currying of horses made a swift transition to the currying of boys.

By the dint of a tolerable external appearance, he gained admission into Mr. Goddard's academy, and he secured his ignorance from all detection, by means of a most undaunted assurance. As soon as he found himself established in his profession, the plain country Booby was soon metamorphosed into the polite town-gentleman; his

his wigs and linen were remarkably good, and his pale, ghostly complexion, was heightened into an agreeable blush, by the help of Spanish rouge; and whenever he walked forth, he constantly carried in his hand, a small taper rattan, as the insignia of his profession. Instead of shedding tears at the misfortunes of others, he beheld the most affecting distress, the most shocking scenes of human misery, not only without feeling, but even with an air of triumph, and an evident sense of his superiority over those of his fellow-creatures, who were thus visited by the hand of Heaven.

From a wretch devoid like this of all sentiment and humanity, what faith, what honour could be expected! As soon as he found out the weakness of the worthy Goddart, he determined to turn it to his own advantage. He made it his business to ingratiate himself with the scholars under his care, by scandalously neglecting his

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duty

duty as a teacher, and complying with all their idle and peevish humours.

Oxymel soon discerned the mark at which he was driving, and gave some hints of his suspicion, by which officiousness he had well nigh lost the favour of Goddart himself; who, from the innocence of his own heart, could not suspect human nature so much, as to conceive that there existed a wretch capable of transacting such a piece of villainy. In a short time, however, the designs of Rump were too apparent; for on a slight pretence, he quarrelled with his generous benefactor, and separated from him. As soon as this was done, he opened a school on his own account, and, in a short time, seduced above twenty boarders from his former patron. Goddart, who was now apace advancing into years, and incapable of exerting himself against a young and daring antagonist, was at length wrought upon, by the advice of his friends, to enter into partnership with his usher, as it

was

was plain enough, that the coalition of their forces might tend to the advantage of both.

As soon as Mr. Goddart was determined on his plan, a meeting was appointed betwixt him and Rump, at which the last-mentioned gentleman play'd his part with such dexterity, that the unsuspecting Goddart was persuaded he was the same honest man, - that he had formerly appeared to be. That arch villain told him, he should never have proceeded to such violent measures, had he not been driven to them by absolute necessity; that he was willing to return to the academy again, and submit the whole school to the direction of Goddart.

The good man was overcome by this pretended penitence, and entered into immediate partnership with this usher. For some time they lived very amicably together, but at length the villain appeared in
full

full view. The lease of Mr. Goddart's house being expired, it was necessary for the partners to engage another. This business was entirely committed to the management of Rump, who took it in his own name; and as soon as they were settled in it, this execrable scoundrel had the insolence to send his superior a sum of money every week for his support: and having engrossed all the authority into his own hands, he treated Goddart, who was infinitely his superior in point of birth, manners, education, and every thing else that was truly valuable, with the utmost haughtiness.

This unfortunate gentleman had entered into a verbal contract only; for it was a fixed maxim with him, that every man, who would be a knave without the forms of law, would be the same with them. Yet though the evil seemed beyond redress, there were many of his friends who spoke loudly in his behalf, and had it been
prac-

practicable, would have remedied it. The world, as usual, pitied and admired him, and the world, as usual, attempted nothing towards his relief; and if it had, it would have been to no purpose. For this unhappy turn in his affairs affected the old man so much, that he was shortly released from all his sorrows and perplexities; but in such a manner, that an angel of peace and mercy only can describe his death, as it ought to be described.

When he lay on his bed of sickness, on his death-bed, he never uttered one reproachful word against his betrayer; all his thoughts were full of charity: in his soul, he anticipated heaven, and died without a single groan. May this be the death of every good man; but may the villain feel more pangs than he has given to others; may the villain be tormented by all the bitter stings of conscience, by all the anguish and despair that proceed from guilt; may the tortures of his body be such, that he may wish to die; and the horrors

horrors of his soul so great, that he may fear it.

Oxymel, who attended Goddart in all his sickness, having assisted at his funeral, which was generously bestowed on him by a near friend, determined, as soon as possible, to take leave of Rump, for whom he entertained the utmost hatred and aversion. Could he have recalled his departed friend to life, by cutting the other's throat, in all probability he would have done it; but as this might have proved a very useless and dangerous experiment, he contented himself with taking a more easy and secure revenge. In order to accomplish his scheme of vengeance, he continued for some time to act in quality of an assistant under Rump; during which interval, he made it his business to insinuate himself into the good graces of Mrs. Rump, though he had no affection for her person, or was any-ways allured by her other accomplishments.

Though

Though she was a tall, thin, scraggy, long-necked, aukward creature, almost six feet high, yet Classic thought himself bound in duty to revenge his deceased friend, and this he did in the most effectual manner. Mr. Rump, notwithstanding he had been married many years to this delicate wife of his, had never had any children by her, though it was the constant object of all his prayers and wishes; at length, however, by the assistance of Oxymel, Mrs. Rump was in a fair way of being a mother.

This was the most exquisite revenge that could have been taken. The perfidious villain, who would have ruined half mankind for the sake of promoting his own advantage, on this event became more eager than ever to heap up riches, for the sake of aggrandizing his own issue, as he supposed; but in reality was damning his own soul, to support the offspring of another man.

May

May this ever be the fate of villainy. Though we ourselves have the utmost detestation for all impurities, and think the marriage-bed ought always to be sacred from invasion, yet we cannot help bestowing our warmest praises on this disinterested action of our hero. Though the lady was to the last degree disagreeable to him, he conquered his antipathy to her, and even forced his affections for the sake of avenging one who never could reward him for it; a circumstance, which, in our opinion, converts vice into virtue, and makes cuckoldom itself meritorious.



C H A P. XXXIII.

On members, lords, and tutors.

AS soon as Classic had accomplished the glorious scheme of vengeance, which he meditated in the last chapter, he took leave of the academy, though entirely undetermined, as to what character he should for the future appear in in the world. He was indeed almost tempted to commit every thing to the decision of chance, as he found, that in spite of all his prudence and precaution, he could obtain no firm establishment in life. He considered himself as one born for the convenience and diversion of other men, and not as one entitled to the same happiness, or under the same providence, with the rest of his fellow-creatures. These were the sentiments which he entertained of himself and

and the world: but this curious system was soon overturned; for whilst he was indulging these speculations, he received a note from a certain gentleman, whose children had been for some time under his care, requiring his immediate attendance at his house. When Classic waited on him, the gentleman very unexpectedly offered to accept him as a private tutor to his sons, and a companion to himself. This proposal appeared so very agreeable and advantageous to our hero, that he accepted of it without the least hesitation.

At his first entrance on this new office, he flattered himself with the hopes of living with more ease and satisfaction, than he had ever done before; but he was most woefully disappointed in this expectation, for it was not long before he perceived that he had only exchanged one kind of slavery for another. His task was not only confined to the instruction of his pupils, but he was obliged to observe their humours,

humours, and the humours of every body else in the whole house.

The familiarity too, with which 'Squire Rumpus himself treated him, was the greatest penance that could possibly have been inflicted on a youth of his temper and sensibility; for Classic was obliged to attend this great man at all hours, and at all places; in short, our hero grew a meer machine, which was never put in motion by any internal impulse of his own, but depended solely on the will and pleasure of his director.

When the 'Squire had a mind to ride, eat, or drink, Classic was compelled to do the same. When the 'Squire walked out, Classic, sick or well, tired or not tired, walked out too; and when the 'Squire was in a merry mood, Classic, whether pleased or displeas'd, was forced, from the nature of his situation, to accompany his mirth with a horse-laugh. In a word, Classic attended

tended him as regularly as his own shadow, except as he was going to the house of parliament, for Rumpus was a member; or when he was on the point of kissing his wife.

Nor was this the only mortification to which our miserable tutor was exposed. The 'Squire, as we have just hinted, was unfortunately a member of the house of commons, and as great a bully there as he was at home. No one in the whole assembly was more vociferous than himself; no one thought himself of greater consequence, or in reality was of less. Whenever Rumpus had been engaged in a debate, if it appertained to nothing more than a turnpike or inclosure, Classic was sure to be pestered with an account of that debate for a week together, and the speeches which the member made on the occasion; but when the 'Squire, by reason of having caught cold, or for some other reason equally prevalent, had let slip an opportunity

nity of displaying his talents, for he did not *chuse* to speak on every subject, he then would regale his companion with the fine speeches which had been made by other great orators in the houses of parliament; or if not in the houses of parliament, at the club; and besides this, he was present at all the political juntas: he could say, my Lord such an one insisted on these proposals, from which he would not recede; his Grace asked such and such a question, and then the Right Honourable Mr. such an one made such and such an answer.

Classic, who hated politics more than he hated the devil, who knew but little of the great, as they are ironically called, and still desired to know less, was almost murdered by a repetition of these insignificant secrets, and had much ado to restrain himself from coming to an absolute rupture with this profound politician; however, he paid as much attention as he could to this frothy declaimer; and perhaps he
 might

might have attended his lectures to this very day; and if he had, we would then have presented the world with a most excellent system of politics, had not a separation been produced betwixt him and the member, by one of those trivial accidents, which so often determine the fates of men, women, and children, books, mole-hills, and empires.

Oxymel, for the space of three tedious months, had never once ventured to contradict the member, or to thwart him in any scheme which he proposed; but at the expiration of this time, it happened, that, as they were walking out together at some distance from the mansion-house, that Rumpus suddenly took it into his head, to pay a bride-visit to a certain lady of his acquaintance, who had been just married. Possessed with this whim, he desired Classic to accompany him; and Classic, as soon as he knew his intention, desired to be excused. But this would not satisfy the mem-

ber;

ber;

ber; nor would he admit of any excuse from Classic, though that gentleman alleged in his own favour, that he had got a hole in his stocking. A hole he certainly had got; but this excuse was not sufficient. Though Classic's real reason for declining such a visit, was his natural antipathy to bustle and formality, he would willingly have avoided assigning his real motive, and on that account made use of the pretence of the stocking. But this apology was so far from satisfying Rumpus, that he swore our hero should go with him, even if he had not a stocking on his leg.

But this was too much for the temper of our hero to put up with. He was so exasperated at this ungenerous treatment, that he turned sternly upon the member, and demanded of him, " If he took him for a
" footman? If he did not, he told him,
" he was guilty of great impertinence;
" and if he did, he was mistaken.

“ But whatever your sentiments may be of
“ me, in whatever light you may consider
“ your son’s tutor, continued Clastic, I am
“ sensible of my own rank and importance
“ in life ; and if you must have some mean
“ dependent to attend you, you are at li-
“ berty to call upon your livery servants ;
“ but for my own part, I must desire to
“ be excused, as I am at present otherwise
“ engaged.” This resistance on the part
of Oxymel, at length produced a quarrel,
in which both parties were extremely warm ;
and in consequence of which, Clastic, for
the odd circumstance of having a hole in
his stocking, was once more turned out to
seek his fortune in the world.

What a wretch is man ! What a connec-
tion of inconsiderable and ridiculous cir-
cumstances generally combine to produce
the most important events of his whole
life ! Those very stockings which Clastic
wore, when he incurred the displeasure of
Rumpus, had been thrown by as unfit for
use, almost three months before he came

to live with that gentleman. The story runs thus : Classic once went on business of some consequence, to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance, who had left his own house not ten minutes before he arrived at it. Now, as it was business of consequence, no wonder that Classic should go after him ; or that in going after him, he should leap over an hedge, and tear that very hole in his stocking, which is above recorded ; but wonder or no wonder, that was certainly the case. After this, the stockings were washed, thrown by, and never mended ; and in all probability, Classic would never have entertained the least thoughts of putting them on again, had it not happened that a jolly blacksmith, on the very morning that he was engaged to walk forth with Rumpus, met his laundress (and, by the bye, Classic's laundress might have tempted a much greater man than a blacksmith) with a bundle of clean linen under her arm, attempted to steal a kiss, and on her refusing it, accidentally

threw her bundle into a puddle of dirty water.

To speak like a man of learning, here is a concatenation of events for you! A pair of stockings, a visit, a disappointment, a hedge, a blacksmith, a laundress, and a puddle of dirty water, all contributed towards procuring his dismissal from the house of a little member of parliament.

But as one event naturally produces another, so it was not long that Clastic continued unsettled. When a man has once fixed his reputation as a teacher and a scholar, it must be his own fault if he is long without employment.

No sooner was our hero dismissed from the office he held at Mr. Rumpus's, than he was engaged, at an advanced salary, to act in one of the same nature, by my Lord Limberham, a man of great endowments, and unquestionable nobility; though for ought that we know to the contrary, he might have been begotten by one of his father's

footmen. But however his lordship might have been begotten, our hero's situation was in every respect the reverse of what it had been at Rumpus's. Instead of being now for ever pestered with the company of his governor and master, he seldom had the pleasure of seeing him; for my Lord Limberham generally divided his whole time betwixt his kept mistresses, White's chocolate house, and Newmarket races; neither had our hero a much greater share of his pupil's company, than of the peer's; for as a tutor had been provided for this noble spark more for fashion's sake, than on account of any improvement, which was either wished, or expected to be made by him in the polite arts, so Classic was almost the entire master of his own time.

When he first took on him the care of this young nobleman, he attempted to bring him into order, and even insisted on his applying to his studies; but this way of proceeding, it seems, was too coarse

and rugged, to be relished by the son of a man of quality; and Classic was in very plain terms given to understand, that he had much better lay aside all thoughts of compelling his pupil to any thing that might be disagreeable to him, as such a behaviour would by no means answer the purpose for which he had been engaged.

As soon as Classic discovered this to be the temper of the house, he contented himself with receiving his salary, though he did nothing for it; and in this, we suppose, he was imitated by many of his brother tutors: and the anecdote we have just related of our illustrious family, may perhaps serve to explain the article of so many coxcombs, booby-students, sleepy Fellows of colleges, thick-headed foundationers, mathematicians, travelling governors and astronomers, being employed in the service of our nobility.

Classic,

Classic, being as it were, thus cut off from all communication with the family in which he lived, found it necessary to cultivate an acquaintance in other places; and this naturally led him into an intimacy amongst those of his own profession: but this intimacy was so far from turning out agreeable to him, that he no sooner had obtained it, than he repented of it. And perhaps he never experienced a greater disappointment in his whole life; for he was introduced to many of our polite tutors about town, as to men whose deportment might serve as the standard of his own behaviour; but he found our polite tutors about town, to be men of very little sense, very little learning, and very little complaisance. Their conversation in general was insipid, their vanity intolerable, and their ambition frivolous and impertinent.

One valued himself upon his knowledge of algebra, and *plus'd* and *minus'd* it to all eternity; another, upon his tutor's having

once declared in a public coffee-room, before several gentlemen of the county, that he was a clever fellow; another, upon his dancing an hornpipe; another, upon his dancing a good jig; another, upon his drinking two gallons of porter; another, upon his smoaking twenty-four pipes; another, upon his playing well on the violin; another, upon his eating nothing but turneps and potatoes; and another, upon his loving butter-milk,



C H A P. XXXIV.

A very learned chapter indeed.

AS contemptible an idea as Classic might form of these his associates, he still continued, partly for want of better company, and partly for the sake of affording himself diversion, to cultivate their acquaintance, and to attend constantly at their club, which was held every month at a genteel coffee-house, with the view of promoting mirth and good fellowship. In the course of these meetings; our hero soon rendered himself disagreeable to his companions, for he was fond of starting new doctrines; and besides this, had imbibed some particular notions, which he broached on every occasion that offered. As this was a learned club, or at least had the appearance of a learned club, every member of it

was most vehemently attached to the writers of antiquity, and most of them pretended to despise all compositions of modern growth; in consequence of which, they would permit our English authors, if they did allow them any merit at all, to hold only the second or third place in the annals of literature; and even amongst the writers of antiquity, they were blindly addicted to certain names, for no other reason, but because those names had been extolled by the critics, and celebrated in the schools.

Classic had the misfortune to differ from almost all of them, in the opinion he entertained of authors: as he was rather warm in defending his sentiments, and always spoke from his own judgment and feelings, and not from the affected criticisms of other men, he was at length pronounced to be a rank heretic in literature.

At one of these monthly meetings, a discourse being accidentally started on the merits

merits of the ancient comic writers, our hero drew on him the resentment of the greater part of the club, for opposing their opinion. One of these exalted geniuses, who always exacted great homage from the rest of his fraternity, on account of his wearing a silver-hilted sword, a diamond ring, and a bag wig, undertook to give an account of the ancient comedy. In performing this task, he extolled Terence as the only master of true comedy, of the true *vis Comica*, that ever appeared amongst the Romans, or any other nation since their time. “Terence, said he, is a writer
“ that never was equalled; and what is
“ more, never can be equalled; he is in-
“ mitable in every thing; in his plot, in
“ his language, in his manners. Terence,
“ continued he, was so elegant and pure a
“ writer, that none of the Roman poets
“ could ever come near his style; and then
“ his modesty is such, that no Christian
“ need be ashamed to read him. In short,
“ says he, he has an amazing superiority

“ even over the best Roman writers ; but
“ when he is put in opposition to Van-
“ brugh and Congreve, who are the best
“ amongst our English comic writers, they
“ seem scarcely to deserve the name of
“ poets. This is my opinion of the matter ;
“ and pray, gentlemen, concluded he, is
“ not yours the same ?”

The majority of the company signified their assent to this decision of the orator ; when Classic, who had been highly offended at some parts of the declamation, started up, and bluntly addressing his brother tutor, told him, that from what he had just advanced, he was tempted to believe, that he had never read any of the authors whose names he had mentioned. “ For Terence, continues Classic, has been
“ infinitely excelled, in point of wit and
“ comic humour, by the immortal Plau-
“ tus, and at least equalled by him in pu-
“ rity of style ; and with regard to the en-
“ comium you have passed upon Terence,

“ as

“ as being a writer of extraordinary mo-
 “ desty, if you are really conversant with
 “ his works, you must be convinced that
 “ he has not the least pretensions to that
 “ character. Is there a single play of his,
 “ continued Classic, where whores, mis-
 “ tresses, and cock-bawds, are not intro-
 “ duced? Nay, he has so far exceeded the
 “ most licentious of our writers, as to in-
 “ troduce, in one of his comedies, a wo-
 “ man in the very act of bringing a child
 “ into the world. Congreve, it must be
 “ owned, writes licentiously, perhaps too
 “ licentiously; but he was never guilty of
 “ such a trespass as this is, against virtue
 “ and decorum: and besides, Terence,
 “ notwithstanding all the mighty praises
 “ you have bestowed on him, was misera-
 “ bly deficient in point of genius and
 “ invention. He was a mere imitator of
 “ Menander, or, which is worse, a tran-
 “ slator of his works; and though he had
 “ the advantage of copying from another
 “ author, yet there is but little humour,
 “ wit,

“ wit, or variety to be found in his works:
 “ An old man, a debauched young fellow,
 “ a pert servant, and a whore, generally
 “ constitute the whole of his characters.
 “ Even Terence’s *Thraſo*, which is the
 “ best comic character he ever drew, is by
 “ no means equal to the *Miles Gloriosus*
 “ of Plautus. It may perhaps be alledged,
 “ that Plautus carried some of his charac-
 “ ters too far, and that he degenerated now
 “ and then into mere farce: this shall be
 “ allowed. The most zealous of his ad-
 “ mirers must confess, that he has some
 “ faults; but those, like the faults of
 “ Shakespeare, are overbalanced by his
 “ excellencies.

“ Wherever there was room for wit,
 “ character, and invention, Plautus has
 “ shewn an evident superiority over Te-
 “ rence. Whenever Terence has the ad-
 “ vantage, if he ever has it, it can lie in no-
 “ thing but in the elegance of expression;
 “ and perhaps it may be disputed, whether
 “ or no he is superior to Plautus, even in
 “ this point. But suppose we allow Terence

“ to have been the greater master of the
“ elegancies of the Roman tongue, yet
“ such a qualification can by no means en-
“ title him to the character of a comic
“ writer. If we allow him this praise, the
“ praise of writing in a pure and *polished*
“ style, we allow him as much as he de-
“ serves; and for my own part, I think
“ he ought not, in the list of *dramatic*
“ writers, to be placed but at an immense
“ distance from the truly comic, though
“ neglected Plautus.”

So open and violent an opposition as this, to the great man who had been speaking, had such an effect on him, that he continued for some minutes wrapped, as it were, in profound astonishment, at the presumption of our hero; but his passion at length operating more forcibly than ever upon him, he began to foam at the mouth, to swell in the throat, and to discover many other symptoms of controversial madness. And at last, bursting out with all the fury in the world, “ What, Sir, says he, do
“ you say that Terence is superior to

“ Plautus? If you do, none but a block-
 “ head would have done it. I say, and I
 “ insist upon it, that Terence is as much
 “ superior to Plautus, as Pope is to Dry-
 “ den.”

“ I grant it, replies Classic, for every
 “ body that is in his senses, must con-
 “ fess, that Dryden is the greatest poet
 “ which this country hath produced, from
 “ the reign of Charles the Second, to the
 “ present age.” “ Mighty fine, indeed,
 “ Mr. Classic, replied the tutor, you have
 “ some pretty notions, truly. Dryden a
 “ better poet than Pope! It is nothing but
 “ the spirit of contradiction, and you de-
 “ serve to be turned out of the Club.
 “ Where can you find any thing like Pope’s
 “ Rape of the Lock, like his Dunciad,
 “ his Windsor Forest, his Essay on Criti-
 “ cism, and his Essay on Man, in Dryden’s
 “ works? These are works of genius, of
 “ real genius. His Rape of the Lock,
 “ and his Dunciad only, are worth all
 “ Dryden’s works put together.”

“ Not

"Not so fast, my good friend, replies Classic,
 " let me beseech you not to condemn
 " those works to the fire in a single mo-
 " ment, which cost one of our best poets
 " above thirty years to compose! Before
 " you proceed to such extremities, you
 " should hear what the advocates of Dry-
 " den have to say in his behalf. If you
 " will patiently allow me to speak a few
 " words, I fancy I shall be able to vindi-
 " cate him, without detracting from the
 " praise due to the other. I am far from
 " denying, continued Classic, that Pope
 " was a most excellent poet, and I am as
 " far from owning that he has any reason
 " for claiming the preheminance over
 " Dryden. Pope, it must be allowed, is
 " the more correct writer of the two; but
 " if this is to be esteemed as decisive in a
 " dispute about genius, Ambrose Phillips
 " must certainly be a better writer than
 " Shakespeare, and Ben. Bullock a better
 " than Ben. Johnson; and besides this,
 " Pope is greatly indebted to Dryden for
 " the harmony and correctness of his own

“ versification, as will sufficiently appear
“ to those, who may take the trouble of
“ comparing their works; but to come
“ closer to the point: Dryden is certainly
“ the more universal genius of the two.
“ He has wrote some tragedies, which are
“ inferior to none but Shakespeare’s;
“ works, which Pope had neither genius
“ nor daring enough to attempt. He ex-
“ celled too in comedy; and he was so
“ great a master of this species of writing,
“ that he may justly be called the father of
“ the modern comedy; by modern comedy,
“ I understand that species of it, which is
“ distinguished by the keen wit, and per-
“ plexing intrigue of the scene, rather
“ than that strong humour and want of in-
“ cident, which marked the performances
“ of earlier writers. To this kind of
“ writing, Pope has not the least pretence;
“ and perhaps there never was a more con-
“ temptible comedy produced, than that
“ in which he was engaged with his friends
“ Gay and Arbuthnot.

“ With

“ With regard to those poems of Pope’s,
 “ which you have just mentioned, the Dun-
 “ ciad is equalled by the Mac-Flecknoe of
 “ Dryden; and Dryden’s Absalom and Ach-
 “ topheh, is most certainly not inferior to any
 “ composition in the English language. His
 “ Religio Laici is no contemptible per-
 “ formance; and his Prologues and Epi-
 “ logues are all of them inimitable.—But
 “ to decide this question at once, let us
 “ compare these rival poets together, where
 “ they have both written on the same sub-
 “ ject. If we examine their famous Odes
 “ on St. Cecilia’s Day, the question will
 “ soon be put out of all dispute. Dryden’s
 “ Ode is by no means inferior to the Car-
 “ men Seculare of Horace. That excel-
 “ lent poet, by writing this Ode, has
 “ shewn, that he was as capable of the
 “ strength, fire, and sublimity of Pindar,
 “ as he has in other parts of his work,
 “ that he was of the wit and licentiousness
 “ of Aristophanes. And to give Pope his
 “ due, we must confess, the Ode written
 “ by

“ by him is possessed of so much merit,
 “ that had Dryden never attempted that
 “ kind of composition, it might perhaps,
 “ with justice, have been reckoned the best
 “ lyric poem which has been produced from
 “ the Augustan age to the present time.”

At the conclusion of this sentence, our
 hero's antagonist gave him a most severe
 wipe, for he directly burst into a loud
 horse-laugh; a kind of repartee, for which
 many of your literati are extremely famous.
 Classic was at first rather disconcerted by
 this loud explosion of wit, but he soon re-
 covered himself so far, as to tell his brother
 disputant, that since he made use of such
 unanswerable arguments, it was high time
 for him to decline the dispute. This far-
 casm was answered by another ha, ha, he!
 which, however, was so little relished by
 our hero, that he was on the point of
 making a practical reply to it, in the very
 face of his brother tutor, when his atten-
 tion, and the attention of the whole com-

pany.

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pany, was diverted from this object, by the noise and jargon which proceeded from two mathematical gentlemen in a retired corner of the room.

These gentlemen having taken umbrage at the trifling and unscholastic dispute, as they called it, which happened betwixt our hero and the tutor, separated themselves from the company, and withdrew to a private part of the room, in order that they might have full liberty to regale themselves with a philosophical dish in private. They sat very amicably together for a considerable while, and treated each other with the most delicious repasts, that ancient and modern learning could furnish them with. They explained all the problems of Euclid, they squared the circle, they discovered the longitude, and they found out the philosopher's stone. In all these points they were perfectly agreed; they complimented themselves on their amazing knowledge, and pronounced each other to be the colossus of
 fite-

literature; and if, after having settled these important affairs, they had not taken upon them to regulate the year, they might, for any thing we know to the contrary, have descended as peaceably and quietly to the grave together, as any of their drowsy predecessors, who have died of lethargies * either in the fogs of Cambridge, or of Holland.

* Lethargus, i. e. Lethargy, proceeds from a fever and vapours, which are caused by bituminous blood, which is raised up into the brains, and there coagulated.

Those that are afflicted with this disorder, lie in a deep sleep, cannot easily be awaked, and are continually inclined to sleep.

Their cure is excitatione, or raising them from sleep. To be taken inwardly, Essent. Castor. Sp. C. Cervi. Externe, or outwardly, par vesicatoria, (or cupping) which must be laid upon the place where the pulse beats.

2dly. By purging with agaric, mechoacan, jallap, &c. Hensell's Medicina brevis.

Quære. Would not a good blister, or a good horse-whip, applied by the hands of an under-graduate, be full as effectual?

These

These able philosophers having suddenly darted into the regions of astronomy, one of them was going to communicate a very material observation on the year, which, said he to his brother, "you know consists exactly of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-five minutes;" when his brother interrupted him with, "No, Sir, you must excuse me. With great submission, in this point, you are considerably mistaken. The year does not consist exactly of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-five minutes; and I am surprised, that a man of your uncommon accuracy, should have advanced such a supposition." "How!" replies the other, do you think I have advanced any thing, which I cannot defend? I said it; and I insist upon it, that the year does consist exactly of that time which I specified."

"You will most infallibly find yourself mistaken, replied his antagonist, for the year consists of three hundred and sixty-

“ five days, five hours, forty-five minutes,
 “ and two seconds.” “ Curse your seconds,
 “ replied the exasperated astronomer.”
 “ Don’t curse my seconds, said the other,
 “ for I have made the calculation over and
 “ over again; and in every year there are
 “ two seconds above the time you speci-
 “ fied.”

The answer to this was, “ Sir, you know
 “ nothing about the matter. Why, I’ll
 “ lay you any wager, that the great New-
 “ ton is on my side.” “ That he is not,
 “ retorted the other party; I know Sir
 “ Isaac.” “ You know Sir Isaac! you
 “ know nothing of Sir Isaac, replied the
 “ defendant; but I am as well acquainted
 “ with Sir Isaac, as I am with any man in
 “ Europe.”

By this time the whole company had in-
 terfered in the quarrel; but no one was
 more busy than Clastic, who, by clapping
 one of these disputants on the back, and
 advising

advising the other not to give up his acquaintance with Sir Isaac, upon any account whatever, roused them to such a pitch of fury, that from hard words they proceeded to hard blows, and exerted themselves so lustily in vindication of their favourite tenets, that for the present they effectually disqualified each other for the study of astronomy; the one being so severely threshed, that he was obliged to take to his bed, and the other having received a most violent contusion on his left eye.

From this moment, peace and unanimity were banished from the club; and the dissentions among the members continually increasing, it at length dwindled away to nothing, and Classic was obliged to search out some fresh society, with whom he might spend his leisure hours, as there was no kind of intercourse betwixt him and my Lord Limberham, and my Lord Limberham's son.

C H A P. XXXV.

Our adventurer once more approaches the very brink of matrimony; but happily for him, without tumbling in.

CLASSIC had not continued long in a state of solitude, before he turned his eyes upon my Lord Limberham's chaplain, to whom he thought an offer of friendship would not be disagreeable, as he was naturally of a communicative temper; and in spite of this propensity to good fellowship, was taken as little notice of by any one in the house, as Classic himself. The chaplain, indeed, might be considered as a kind of domestic animal out of livery, for he seemed to be retained in the service of his lordship for no other purpose, but to say grace, to draw corks, and to cut up the roast beef.

Classic had no sooner made his overtures of friendship to this gentleman, than they entered

entered into a most firm alliance together ; and our hero, in a short time, so far insinuated himself into his good graces, that the chaplain voluntarily offered to introduce him into an ecclesiastical society, of which he was a member. Though we can hardly suppose that an introduction into so solemn an order, would be agreeable to one of Oxymel's volatile disposition, yet that gentleman thought proper to accept the invitation, as he knew that he could find diversion and amusement amongst any order of men whatever. He indeed formed no very favourable opinion, in his own mind, of the body to which he was to be introduced ; he did not expect to find much wit or mirth amongst them ; and in this particular, he had the good fortune not to be disappointed. The conversation of these grave gentlemen seldom turned on polite or learned subjects ; all their attention, as to literary affairs, being entirely directed to the occasional anecdotes of a news-paper. Had an indifferent person,

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indeed,

indeed, been admitted into their company, without being previously informed of their real characters, he would most certainly have mistaken them, at certain times, for a set of undertakers. For the subject of their enquiries was generally into the health or sickness of certain individuals of the church, who, from the circumstances of their preferment, might be supposed well able to recompence the death-hunters at their decease. When their thoughts were not bent on these subjects, the discourse generally run upon the goodness, the generosity, the liberality, and the other virtues of their respective patrons; and then, as in duty bound, they would always drink their healths. Thus their evenings began, and thus their evenings concluded.

Classic having soon found out the secrets of every individual in this society, perceived, that in spite of their seeming friendship, they all entertained the greatest jealousy of each other. As soon as he was acquainted

quainted with this disposition of theirs, he determined to turn it to his own advantage, by using it for the promotion of his own private diversion. He accordingly put himself to the expence of advertising, in a very pompous manner, the sudden death of two eminent ecclesiastics, in every evening paper which was published. As soon as the assembly met, the news-papers were immediately called for; and these articles being perused, though they all declared that there could be no foundation for them, yet they slunk off, one after another, on pretence of business, 'till Classic was at length left to demolish a good supper by himself.

As soon as the chaplains had secured their retreat, they set off with all possible expedition, some in post-chaises, and some on horseback, in order to engage the interest of their respective patrons. Though the night was to the last degree black and terrible, yet nothing could deter them, where

their interest or ambition was concerned. Good heavens! what driving through thick and through thin! what whipping and spurring! what smacking and cutting! what bribery and corruption was practised amongst the post-boys and inn-keepers on that memorable night! Away flew all the men in black, like so many race-horses for the king's plate, though unfortunately not one amongst them could win the prize; for the gentlemen, whose supposed deaths had given such an alarm, were both at that very moment in as good health, as when they first took possession of their livings.

So far were our adventurers from reaping any benefit from their haste and eagerness, that most of them had great reason to repent of their excursion; for one dislocated his arm, a second fell into a ditch, a third lost his way, a fourth got cold, a fifth was overturned, and another, who was prig enough to put a new suit on for the occasion, had no money in his pocket to pay the turnpike. Nor

Nor was this the only misfortune which befel them; for some of our adventurers obtained strong recommendations from their respective patrons, which they were on the very point of presenting at the proper time and place, when the doleful tidings arrived, that neither of the incumbents, whom they expected to succeed, had been out of order for the last seven years of their lives.

This mischievous inclination in Classic, was very near being attended with some disagreeable consequences; for as soon as it was known that he had planned the scheme, and that wag took care to divulge it himself, for he could not be contented, without reaping the share of praise due to him for his invention, the chaplains not only discarded him, but also formed so powerful a confederacy against him, that he seemed to be in some danger of being removed from all his offices and employments; but as luck would have it, the very circumstance which procured him the

displeasure of the chaplains, recommended him to the favour of Lord Limberham, who was well known to have no extraordinary veneration for the clergy.

After this adventure, he admitted Clastic to the utmost intimacy with him; he took him to court, to the play-house, and the bawdy-house; and at last, so entirely did our young tutor gain his affections, he actually offered him a wife of his own procuring. Clastic, at this time, had no great relish for matrimony, and accordingly hesitated at the offer which was made him: at this unexpected behaviour, my lord expressed great surprize; and told him, that if he knew the lady who was intended for him, he would be perfectly enamoured of her; “ for she is, proceeded his lordship, “ a woman of breeding, beauty, and the “ most polite accomplishments; and indeed, if I did not know her to be one “ of the most excellent ladies in the universe, I should be far from recommending

“ ing

“ ing her to a gentleman, for whom I
 “ have so perfect a regard, as I have for
 “ Mr. Classic. The lady, indeed, conti-
 “ nued he, is now at my disposal; and I
 “ have so great a regard both for you and
 “ her, that, if you marry her, I shall im-
 “ mediately present you to one of my best
 “ livings. But you shall see the lady first;
 “ and if you find my account exaggerated,
 “ reject her; for I would not have you
 “ force your inclinations for the whole
 “ world.”

These praises, which could not fail of
 warming the imagination of a young man,
 had so great an effect upon Classic, that he
 desired his lordship would procure him the
 favour of an interview with the lady. My
 lord readily consented; and at the same
 time told him, it was a lady whom he had
 already seen. This notice served only to en-
 crease the impatience of our youth; which
 his lordship observing, told him, he should
 be introduced to her very soon; and when

he was, he made no doubt but he would be charmed with her accomplishments, and think himself highly honoured by the proposed alliance. At the conclusion of this speech, they parted; and Clastic retired from the conference, not a little elated, as he was fully persuaded in his own mind, that this generous Lord intended to give him one of his own daughters in marriage.

However, he was not kept long in suspense, for a day was soon appointed for the interview; when Oxymel found the lady to be indeed possessed of every accomplishment which had been attributed to her, and of some others also, which the noble Lord had forgot to mention; for she was not only a very fine woman herself, but was likewise a mother of two very fine children; and besides this, she had lived five years at Limberham-house, in quality of his lordship's mistress.

Though

Though our youth was far from thinking himself honoured by a proposal of this nature, yet he conducted himself with great decency throughout the visit; at which my Lord was so well pleased, that he sent for him the next day into his study, which was a certain place in a retired part of the house, where his lordship generally took a nap after dinner, and actually congratulated him, in very polite terms, on his approaching felicity. “ There is a
“ creature for you ! Such a creature, said
“ he, and with a living of three hundred
“ a year in hand.” To this our hero modestly replied, that he should always consider himself as extremely obliged to his lordship, for his friendly intentions, but that he should not be able to avail himself of his kindness, as he was not at that time of a proper age for taking Orders. This, however, his lordship treated as a frivolous objection, and told him, that he could easily secure that point, as it was not long ago, since he had prevailed on a certain B—p to

ordain one of his footmen; and he was sure, he could even have his horse ordained, were he to desire it. But Classic continuing still to hesitate, his patron, who by no means imagined that he could have the least objection to the honour offered him, told him, if he had any dislike to the church, he would provide for him as genteelly in some of the public offices: “So, Classic, says he, I’ll give you till to-morrow to consider, which of the two you think preferable, either the civil or ecclesiastical establishment; chuse which you will, I shall always prove your friend; and you may depend upon it, that I shall often come and see you and your lady.”

Come and see me and my lady—hem —
Me and my lady—very good. Aye, me and my lady, said Classic, as he was going down stairs, after having parted with his lordship; and me and my lady stuck so confoundedly in his stomach, that he could
neither

neither think or talk of any thing else. This unlucky expression alone, without the concurrence of other circumstances, would have determined him at once to reject the offer. As there was no need of much consideration, he waited on his lordship in less than four and twenty hours, in order to give in his answer. As soon as he entered the apartment where his lordship was, Limberham run to him with great affection, clasped him in his arms, and asked him, when the wedding-day should be. To this question, Classic answered with great innocence, Me and my Lady. This strange reply, in some measure, disconcerted his lordship; however, he soon recollected himself, and asked Classic, if he had come to any resolution, with regard to the proposal which had been made him. Are you, says he, disposed to accept the honour offered you, or no? To this Classic answered, that he should think himself extremely happy in receiving any of his lordship's favours, but that he had maturely

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considered the advantages and disadvantages of matrimony; and that, though he had all imaginable regard for the lady recommended to him, yet he had determined in his own mind to continue in a single state, till he had gained a little more experience in the world. Very well, replied my Lord Limberham, you are in the right to follow your own counsel; and I, for my own part, should be sorry to force any man's inclinations. Having said this, and wished Classic a good morning, he retired. Classic retired likewise: but as he went along, he could not for the soul of him help muttering to himself, Me and my Lady!



C H A P. XXXVI.

This chapter, if properly attended to, may be serviceable to many of our readers.

THIS affair being thus happily terminated, our tutor thought himself as secure as he had ever been, of the good graces of my Lord Limberham; especially as that nobleman now treated him with more than ordinary civility; but this affectation of tranquillity, for it was no better, was only the prelude to a storm.

In less than six weeks after his refusal of the lady, he was summoned to appear before Lord Limberham, who at that time sat in full state, as being surrounded by his domestics. His lordship received his dependent with the utmost sternness, and asked him, in a very peremptory tone, When he had seen his pupil? To which Classic very innocently,

nocently, and very honestly replied, Not these six weeks. Not these six weeks, said the nobleman! Is this your way of discharging the office of a tutor! Is this your fidelity! Are you kept for this! Do you receive your salary for this! You have not seen my son these six weeks; and if the truth were known, I suppose you have not given him a lecture these six months! Classic could not altogether deny the charge; but he alledged in his own defence, that in so doing, he had only complied with the orders which he had received. Aye, said my Lord, and you was very ready to comply with these orders; and now I shall give you fresh orders, which I must insist upon your complying with too: these, Sir, are, that you leave my house immediately, your wages are ready with my steward; and I desire that I may never see your face again.

Classic was somewhat nettled at this ungenerous treatment, and was on the point of breaking out into some very disrespectful

ful expressions; however, he restrained his noble spirit, and contented himself with no very severe revenge, considering the provocation he had met with. He only eyed my Lord with a contemptuous sneer, clapped his hands on his side, said, Me and my Lady, turned on his heel, and walked off. After this, he immediately applied to the steward, took his money, and retired to a private lodging.

During his recess from business, he, like many other gentlemen out of employment, frequently indulged himself with a walk in the park. As he was once doing this, it accidentally happened, that he met the young nobleman, whose tutor he had been. As Classic had observed him, and passed him without taking the least notice, he was not a little surprized at the young nobleman's coming up to him, and accosting him with all the marks of friendship and politeness.

This

This unexpected condescension immediately overcame all the resentment of Clastic; and the tutor and his pupil soon entered into the utmost intimacy. In the course of conversation, the young lord told Clastic, that he was extremely concerned at his dismissal from his father's house; and that if he had been at home at that time, he would have endeavoured to prevent it; and he even went so far as to ask him, if it would be agreeable to him to return to his former station. On his absolutely declining this, the young nobleman offered him his interest, and went so far as to assure him, that he would obtain him an ensigncy in a marching regiment, provided he had no dislike to a military life. Nothing could have been more agreeable than this to the constitution of our hero, and the proposal was accordingly embraced with the utmost alacrity. The nobleman, finding him thus disposed, invited him to spend that very evening at a tavern, where a meeting of several military gentlemen was to be held.

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Classic complied with this invitation; and as the company consisted chiefly of men of fortune and education, such an introduction could not but be highly pleasing to him. The night, indeed, was spent with the utmost festivity; and before the company separated, he became quite enamoured of a military life, and inspired with a thirst of glory.

When the meeting broke up, my Lord very politely offered Classic his own chariot, but he thought proper to refuse it, and content himself with the company of a young subaltern, who happened to lodge in the same part of the town with himself.

As they were walking arm in arm through the streets, they observed a watchman plant himself in the middle of the foot-way; instead of regarding this, they went on; but no sooner did they come up to the fellow, than he brushed against them, knocked his lantern against the post, and bawled out to his

his brethren for assistance. The officer and Classic were alarmed at this outcry, and very kindly enquired, What was the matter with him? Oh! I'll let you know presently what is the matter with me, replied this lieutenant of the night; and indeed he did let them know; for no sooner had these words proceeded from his mouth, than they were surrounded by a whole gang of the same fraternity, and hurried to the watch-house.

As soon as our prisoners entered into this place, they were saluted with an air of authority, by a jolly fellow, who sat in an arm chair, with a long staff on one side of him, and an empty gallon pot on the other; a fellow, who at midnight looked as big, and understood as much law, as half the justices of the peace in the three kingdoms. When the watch had conducted our two heroes to the throne, this venerable magistrate, in imitation, we suppose, of his superiors, made half an hundred wry faces, and

and affected to look wise ; so far he played the justice excellently ; but after this, his worship unluckily forgetting his own importance, thrust a most enormous quid of tobacco into his left jaw, and asked the prisoners, what they had to say in their own behalf, why they should not be confined there all night, and sent to prison the next day ? “ Aye, says he, answer me that ; “ Why you should not be confined here all night, and sent to prison to-morrow ? ”

To this laconic question, the prisoners replied, that they could not possibly answer in their own defence, till they were made acquainted with the nature of their accusation. The honest constable owned the force of their argument, and said, “ To be sure, “ that is but reasonable : it is right, that “ you should hear your indictment, before “ you plead guilty, or not guilty : it is so “ at all the courts in England ; and I, for “ my part, am always for impartiality ; so, “ you watchman, stand forth.” At this
fum-

summons, the watchman stood forth, and producing his battered lanthorn, declared, that the two gentlemen then in custody, had jostled him violently against a wall, thrown him down, and hurt one of his ribs; whereby, proceeded he, they committed, or intended to commit, an assault, and I am desirous to have them charged.

“Charged, quoth the constable, ha! you

“would have them charged? But tell me,

“Sir, tell me, Mr. watchman, will you

“charge, if there is an absolute necessity

“for it? If you will charge, mind me, if

“you will absolutely charge, they must be

“kept here all night, and go before a ma-

“gistrate in the morning; so let me know

“if you will charge.” “Charge! yes,

“that I will; I will charge, an’ please

“you, Mr. Constable, directly, if you

“have a mind to it, returned the watch-

“man.”

By this time, the officer began to smell their design; which was, indeed, a very

harm-

harmless one, being only intended to recruit the empty pot, and to guard this nightly convocation against the inclemency of the weather. As he was not displeas'd with the drollery of his examination; and besides this, was unwilling to undergo the mortification of appearing before a Justice in the morning, he address'd himself to the magistrate of the night, and told him, That both he and his companion had so great a regard for watchmen in general, that instead of injuring any of those useful members of society, they would much rather have treated them with a gallon or two of porter.

“ Say you so, gentlemen, said the Constable! Aye, I perceive it now; you are good honest sort of gentlemen. You will give them two gallons of porter yourself, you say; and I make no doubt but your companion will give them two more. Come, come, the affair shall be made up this moment.” “ But then
“ the

“ the charge, said the officer.” “ Charge!
 “ replied the Constable; charge indeed!
 “ Don’t talk to me about charge; I’ll take
 “ no charge against two such honest gen-
 “ tlemen as you are, if my own father
 “ asked me on his bare knees. Here,
 “ watchman, the gentlemen say, they’ll
 “ give you four gallons of porter betwixt
 “ them; and I am certain, that their ho-
 “ nours will give me a bowl of punch for
 “ my trouble.”

No sooner had this excellent orator
 finished his harangue, than he ordered the
 liquor to be sent for; at which proceeding,
 the officer smiled, and told him, that he
 had not made an absolute promise of giving
 any thing; however, added he, the li-
 quor may be brought in; though, I
 will by no means have it considered, as
 an atonement for any trespass we have
 committed, but merely as an act of gene-
 rosity. “ Oh! for that matter, replied the
 “ Constable, we will not stand upon cere-
 “ mony;

“mony; so long as we have the liquor,
 “we do not care what it is for. Here,
 “Tom, order it in directly, and bring the
 “gentlemen a pipe a piece.”

The officer and Classic having helped to finish the bowl, took leave of the Constable, as soon as the morning began to dawn. The officer having arrived at his lodgings, Classic set off in high spirits for his own apartments, being partly elated with the accidental banquet which the watch had provided for him, and partly with the prospect of military promotion.

In this merry mood, he crossed Covent-Garden-market, and arrived at the church in his way home, when one of the most piteous objects presented itself to his view, that ever shewed the inhuman cruelty and barbarous indifference of this world.

Justice and mercy, ye twin-children of the same beneficent Being, hear not the story!

VOL. II.

H

Should

Should ye, justice would be changed into cruelty, and mercy would weep out her eyes!

On the steps of that church; on the steps of the church of God, of the God of goodness and mercy, there lay with his head against the iron rails, a feeble old man, wrapped up in a foldier's coat. Though the morning was so sharp and foggy, and the dew distilled so fast, that health itself could hardly have withstood the inclemency of the sky, yet in this condition there lay a man, an old man, fast asleep. A man! aye, a man, an old man, a feeble old man, whose head was bald, cold, and naked, except where a few white locks, which looked like winter, afforded it a wretched covering; whose poor limbs shivered; whose crutches lay beside him, which his palsied hands could scarce reach, or, if they could reach, could scarce raise for the support of his emaciated body.

Classic started at this sight; however, he soon recovered himself, and endeavoured to wake the poor wretch from such unwholesome slumber, but for some time it was in vain; for some minutes the old man stirred, and that was all; and at length, after many efforts, when he faintly raised his eyelids, and looked piteously about him, it was uncertain whether he should return to life, or sink into sleep again; indeed he seemed as if death and nature were struggling within him for the victory.

Oh! ye rich! ye mighty! ye, that have your dainties, your wines, your beds of down, your silks, your jewels and your embroideries, contemplate for a moment on this scene of wretchedness; learn to pity others, and learn to know yourselves.

Classic started at the sight; and being shocked at seeing an human creature in so deplorable a state, he at length awakened him. As soon as the poor old man re-

turned to his senses, he thus addressed our hero: “ Your charity, good Sir, for
“ heaven’s sake; I am a poor old soldier;
“ fought ten years under the duke of
“ Marlborough—but I can fight no more
“ now. You look angry, Sir; I hope
“ there is no harm in an old soldier’s sleep-
“ ing here.”

Classic could make no reply; but he put his hand into his pocket, gave him all he had, burst into tears, and retired.



C H A P. XXXVII.

A dream, a visit, and a letter.

OXYMEL, not long after the above adventure, arrived at his lodgings, but so affected by the miserable fight he had just met with, that he thought it necessary to refresh himself with a nap. Having accordingly undrest himself, he soon fell into a deep slumber, which, however, continued but for a little while; for his imagination was so disturbed by the impressions he had received, that he started, sweated, and tumbled about; and at length, his fancy acted so powerfully upon him, that he leapt from his bed, raised a most terrible out-cry, and disturbed the whole family.

So great an alarm was spread through the house, that the landlord, imagining

some mischief had befallen his lodger, ran up stairs to his assistance, when he found him extended on the floor, and bemoaning his ill fortune in the most lamentable tone imaginable. The landlord attempted to wake him, but in vain; Clastic continued still fast asleep; and at length, after having received a violent shake, he cried out, " I have lost a leg and an arm
" in the service. D—mn those French-
" men. A leg and an arm gone. And
" must I lie upon Covent-Garden steps all
" my life after? Not I. Fire away, lieu-
" tenant! fire away! For God's sake, my
" dear friend, shoot me through the head:
" I'll never go back to England, to lie
" upon Covent-Garden steps all my life-
" time. So, you won't fire; ha! No.
" Well, that's true; I am an ensign: I
" am not a dog of a common soldier; but
" that won't do. Half-pay, beggar, steps
" and crutches! Fire away, fire away,
" lieutenant, if you love me."

The

The landlord, who had never seen his inmate in such a trim as this before, was almost tempted to conclude, that he had lost his senses, and was on the point of retiring from the chamber; but a reinforcement of neighbours luckily arriving at that very moment, he determined to try how far our hero might come within the statute of insanity. In order to be clearly informed in this point, he thought it necessary that he should be first awakened; and though it was a work of great difficulty, yet he happily succeeded in it, by the assistance of his auxiliaries. But in spite of this success, the affair seemed yet to be undetermined, for it was a long time before Classic could be persuaded, but that he had actually been engaged in battle, and lost two of his limbs in the first line; at length, however, being convinced that he had by no means suffered in the flesh, he was prevailed on to return to bed, though not before he had dispelled the vapours, and fortified his nerves with a bumper of excellent brandy, which he

took at the especial recommendation of his landlord.

He had the happiness to fall asleep again, and very luckily, was no more visited by those dreadful apprehensions which had before tormented him. After a nap of six hours, he awoke perfectly refreshed; but so great an impression had his adventure with the old soldier, and his own dream together, made upon his senses, that he determined, from that moment, to renounce all thoughts of engaging in a military life. Being thus determined, he waited next day on his noble patron, and acquainted him with his resolution, though he had prudence enough to conceal the motives, which induced him to this alteration of his sentiments.

His lordship was surprized at this refusal; however, he received it with a good grace; and was so far from being offended at it, that he made him an handsome present,

sent, promised to provide for him, as soon as possible, in some of the civil departments; and even advised him, in the mean time, to take his pleasure, and use that opportunity of visiting his friends.

Classic thanked his lordship for his advice; and in consequence of it, determined to make a tour amongst his acquaintance; and this he was enabled to do with a better grace, as at that time he had money in his pocket, and wanted to ask no favour of any of them.

The first gentleman whom he fixed on in his mind for this purpose, was the gentle Mr. Primrose, who had just retired to a country living at a small distance from London. As there always had subsisted a great intimacy betwixt him and Classic at college, Classic made no doubt but he should meet with the warmest reception from his old acquaintance: but before we carry the reader to Mr. Primrose's house,

we shall beg leave to spend a few minutes in describing Mr. Primrose's person and accomplishments.

Mr. Primrose, then, was a prig; Mr. Primrose was a coxcomb; Mr. Primrose was a satirist, and Mr. Primrose was an excellent preacher—at his own parish church. Had he been contented with the merit he might have derived from these qualifications, he might have passed unnoticed; but despising these accomplishments, he chiefly valued himself on the beauty and symmetry of his person; and it must indeed be confessed, that he had sufficient reason for so doing; for the edge of his face, at a side-view, was so exceeding sharp, his body was so very meagre, and his legs so very long and very thin, that he would have borne a very exact resemblance to an hatchet, were it to be erected on a pair of expanded compasses: but notwithstanding these infirmities, he was still a man that made a noise in the world; for

for he was very much of a gentleman; he talked well, he swore well, and he drank well; besides, he was reckoned clever, nay, very clever in his own village. He kept good horses too, and a couple of footmen. He understood Greek, he understood Latin; he said, he understood Hebrew, and he studied the Mathematics; and besides his horses, his footmen, his Greek, his Latin, his Hebrew, and his Mathematics, at all public meetings; at parish dinners; at election dinners; at visitation dinners; he loved to cut his own cucumbers.

Classic, having arrived at the house of Mr. Primrose, and signified his intention of visiting him, was desired by the servants to walk into the parlour for a few minutes, as their master was at that time engaged in his closet, and they never durst disturb him on any account whatever, when he was at his books. Our hero received this intelligence with some degree of astonishment,

as Mr. Primrose was the last man in the world, whom he could have suspected of any severe application to his studies; however, as he knew not how strangely the temper and constitution might alter in a few years, he determined to wait till my gentleman was at leisure: in consequence of this his resolution, he waited long enough, for Mr. Primrose's studious fit was not so soon over this morning, as it generally used to be, which might perhaps arise from the trivial circumstance of his having been informed, that a gentleman was waiting for him; and this seems extremely probable, as it is certain that his footman had privately given him such an intimation.

At length, after Classic had been kept in the most tedious expectation, this professed student made his appearance with a smart velvet night-cap on his head, and a large folio under his arm. As soon as Primrose entered the room, Classic was
warmed

warmed at the sight of his old friend, and was on the point of flying with rapture into his arms, when he was suddenly checked in his career by a cold compliment, and colder look, which he received from Primrose; who told him, (without seeming to recollect him) that he would by no means have made him wait so long, had he been sensible of the honour done him; “ but I
 “ have been engaged in my morning’s ex-
 “ ercise, continued he, of reading some of
 “ the ancient fathers; and very excellent
 “ writers they are : at length, Sir, how-
 “ ever, I am disengaged, and shall be glad
 “ to know, what has procured me the fa-
 “ vour of this visit.”

In answer to these compliments, “ Death,
 “ Sir, said Classic, have you forgot me ?”
 “ No, Sir, said Primrose, simpering, for
 “ I do not remember to have had the plea-
 “ sure of seeing you before.” “ Not seen
 “ me before, replied Oxymel ! Pray recol-
 “ lect.” “ Indeed, Sir, I have not that
 “ happiness,

“happinefs, returned Primrofe.” “Then
“my name is Claffic, faid our hero.”
“Claffic! Oh! Mr. Claffic, replied Prim-
“rofe; and pray how does Mr. Claffic do?
“I hope he will be feated; nay, I infift
“upon your fitting down.”

Claffic, without waiting for further or-
ders, fat down; and as foon as he had done
fo, renewed the converfation, by letting
Primrofe know, that he had taken a long
ride for the fake of feeing him, and that
he found himfelf extremely fatigued. To
which, this facetious hoft replied, “Yes,
“I live at a pretty good diftance from
“London; to be fure it is a fmart ride;
“and fince you find yourfelf fatigued, I
“hope that you will ftay and dine with
“me.” Claffic gave his affent to this civil
invitation; and Mr. Primrofe, after having
made a polite apology for his rudenefs, in
leaving his vifitant by himfelf, retired to
drefs. Claffic (as he very reafonably might)
expected to have been favoured with the
company.

company and conversation of his friend, as soon as this important business might have been dispatched; but he was very far from being indulged in this expectation, for the parson tripping into the room, as soon as he was well puffed and powdered, told him, that he was under a necessity of begging his excuse a few moments longer, for he had several visits to make that morning; and besides this, he and his lady always made it a rule to take an airing before dinner; "So farewell, Classic, says he, the coach is this moment waiting for me; adieu: I shall be at home again in a couple of hours; and in the meantime, you may divert yourself with a walk in the garden. Dinner will be on the table precisely at three; and if you chuse to stay all night, I'll take care and provide you a bed at the inn." Saying this, he tripped out as he tripped in; gave his lady his hand, bid his friend once more adieu, and then danced into the coach himself. As

As for our adventurer, he was so astonished at this reception, that he had no power to resent the behaviour of Primrose; and he even saw the coach drive off, before he could recollect himself. As soon as he recovered from his amazement, he rung the bell with some authority; demanded pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following note, which he left on a marble slab, for the inspection of Mr. Primrose, at his return.

S-I-R,

“ It is the part of a true friend, to tell
“ a man of his faults; and as a proof of
“ my sincerity in this respect, I must take
“ the liberty of telling you, that you are
“ at this very moment, a much greater
“ fool, than you ever was at Oxford.
“ From the circumstance of your promo-
“ tion in the church, I concluded, that
“ some very material alteration had been
“ made, both in your manners and in your
“ understanding; but I am at length fully
“ con-

" convinced, that Mr. Primrose will be
 " Mr. Primrose as long as he lives. It is
 " probable, that I may never have the
 " happiness of seeing you again; but if I
 " should ever be fortunate enough to meet
 " you in a convenient place, I shall cer-
 " tainly have the satisfaction of returning
 " your civilities, and of convincing you
 " in a proper manner, with what respect
 " and sincerity I am, Sir, yours, &c.

" O — C — "



C H A P. XXXVIII.

Describes a very merry scene; which at last ends very tragically.

OUR visitant having thus signified his sense of Primrose's behaviour, left the house, with a determined resolution to pay no more visits to his friends; but as he had leisure time upon his hands, and did not know how to employ it, he thought he might as well amuse himself with three or four days excursion into the country thereabouts, as return immediately to London. As it was a matter of indifference to Classic which way he went, he gave himself up entirely to the guidance of his horse, who soon brought him to a good market-town; and having done this, ran with him full drive into an inn-yard. His rider was not a little surpris'd at this sagacity of the
 beast;

beast; and though he at first attempted to turn him into another road, yet finding the creature obstinate, he very wisely dismounted, and directly marched into the kitchen, without any regard to his own dignity; being tempted to this piece of self-degradation, by the sound of mirth and jollity which proceeded from it.

As soon as he entered this scene of merriment, he perceived the company to consist of a set of jolly farmers, who had just disposed of their commodities, and were now quaffing ale with as much glee and satisfaction, as if it had been nectar. As Oxymel was at this time dressed rather magnificently, he soon attracted the notice of these plebeians, who very respectfully rose from their seats, and offered him a place in the chimney-corner. This, however, he declined; but at the same time told them, that he should be willing to make one of their company, if they had no objection to it. This offer was readily embraced.

embraced by the farmers, and Clastic soon grew very familiar with his new companions.

As he loved to penetrate into the real tempers of mankind, he threw off all reserve himself, and contrived to keep up the attention of his new friends, by starting fresh topics of conversation, as soon as he perceived that any of them began to flag. By these means, before the evening concluded, he was enabled to discern in this assembly, divines, casuists, politicians, lawyers, statesmen, and jesuits, disguised under the garb of country farmers.

His invention, however, being at length almost exhausted, he was compelled to have recourse to the beaten subject, of the dearness of provisions; addressing himself to the company in a very solemn manner, he told them, he should be glad to receive some information from them, with regard to that matter, as they were certainly the

men

men who must understand those things better than any others. This was a question happily suited to the capacity of every man present, and almost every one seemed determined to speak on it.

The first who got up for this purpose, declared, that it was owing to the bad weather in the beginning of the year; and the second, that it was owing to bad weather at the latter end of it; but these solutions were not relished by a third, who affirmed, that it proceeded from the great number of poor; but this was generally thought to be a bad argument, as the poor very seldom have even bread to eat, and consequently cannot be supposed to devour any great quantity of the fruits of the earth. A fourth starting up, and shaking his head, swore, that it was owing to a bad seed-time; which a fifth flatly contradicting, affirmed it to proceed from a bad harvest-time; another attributed it to the great number of horses nourished in this nation; and another,

another, to the tyranny and oppression of the landlords; but at last, one who thought himself wiser than all the rest, and was dissatisfied with every reason that had been given, assured the company, with as much authority and solemnity, as could have been expected in a country farmer, that it was absolutely owing to the monopolizing of farms. “ Monopolizing of farms, said he, “ is the crying sin of this nation. Pray, “ tell me, why should not one have as “ much as another? For my part, I am “ for letting the poor live! I say it, and I “ do not care who knows it; I am for let- “ ting the poor live; and as sure as my “ name is Thomas Stack, so sure is mono- “ polizing of farms the ruin of this king- “ dom.”

There may be some truth in what you have advanced, replied Clastic, but a bare assertion will not do: I, and I doubt not but the rest of the company would be glad to hear some of your arguments in defence of what you have asserted. “ Arguments! said Thomas Stack, what

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" signifies argufying about the matter!
 " Have not I argufied enough already?
 " Have I not told you, that I know it to
 " be fo? I have; and I tell you once more
 " that it is fo; for I know it; and I would
 " not fay a thing that I did not know to
 " be fact. But what fignifies talking; that
 " will do no good! If I please, I can give
 " you fifty arguments; but when a man
 " knows it to be fo, that is enough, in my
 " opinion; and I know it to be fo; and fo
 " here's confufion to all the monopolizers
 " in England! A parcel of dogs, they
 " would ftarve all the poor to death, if
 " they had it in their power, that they
 " would, as fure as my name is Thomas
 " Stack; and fo, here is confufion to them
 " again."

Stack! Stack! faid Claffic; pray, faid
 he, have I not formerly had the pleasure of
 feeing you at my Lord Limberham's?
 " Perhaps you may, retorted Stack; and
 " if you have, there is not fo great a
 " rascal,

“ rascal, as that Lord Limberham, at this
 “ day unhang’d. I wanted a small farm
 “ of him, the other day, and he would
 “ not let me have it, though it was but
 “ fifty pounds a year, or thereabouts.”
 Fifty, said Clastic; there could not be
 much monopolizing in that; but his stew-
 ard told me, it was above three hundred;
 and that you, if your name is Stack, was
 very angry with him, because he persuaded
 his master to divide it.

This effectually silenced our spokesman;
 for as he could not deny the fact, he thought
 proper to say nothing in contradiction to it:
 but though master Stack himself was silent
 on the affair, an arch wag, who, it may be
 supposed, owed him no good will, jogged
 Clastic by the elbow, and said to him in a
 whisper, “ So, I find you know neighbour,
 “ as well as we do: I’ll tell you what, he
 “ he is like some of your great men at
 “ court: though he has never been at Lon-
 “ don ten times in his whole life, yet he ne-

“ ver

“ ver speaks for the good of his country,
 “ but when his own interest is some how
 “ or other concerned in it.”

Classic was pleased with the observation, and intended to have let the affair drop here; but farmer Stack’s head man, it seems, thought he was bound to take up the cudgels, in defence of his master. Rising up, therefore, and opening his mouth, as if he was on the point of swallowing a quartern loaf, “ Wawnds, said he, and who be you, now, that are so bloody knowing? Supposing he did want that farm, would not every one in his place do the same? Han’t every man a right to do the best for himself? You, I suppose, be some Oxford or Cantab. scholar, by your being so confoundedly cunning.” You have guessed the very thing, my good friend, replied Classic; I have had the honour of spending some years at Oxford. “ And pray, what might you study there? Did you study farming
 VOL. II. I “ there,

“ there, said farmer Stack’s man ?” No, said the Oxonian. “ Did you study law, said farmer Stack’s man ?” No, said Classic. “ Did you, then, study divinity, said he ?” No, said the other. “ Why then, I suppose you studied physic, said the fellow ?” Why then you supposed right, said Classic. “ What ! you are to be an apothecary, said the countryman ; Odds, that is very lucky, for I have been out of order these three months. Do, master ’pothecary, be so good as to feel my pulse for me.” That I will, replied Oxymel ; so accordingly, taking him by the arm, and feeling his pulse, he told him, that he was most certainly disordered, and that a little bleeding and blistering would, in his opinion, be of very great service to him. “ Bleeding and blistering ! but I don’t think, for all your gold-laced hat, that you are able to do either : if you think you are, let us turn out, said the fellow.” With all my heart, replied Classic ; I have a pair of excellent spurs at my

my heels, and as good an horse-whip in my hand. Now if you stand in need of any evacuations, I am ready to administer to your necessities.

Farmer Stack's head man seemed a little intimidated at this resolution of his antagonist, and protested that he meant no harm; for he really took the gentleman for a doctor; and if he had given any offence, he was heartily sorry for it.

This apology was readily accepted by our hero, who immediately addressed himself to the company, and desired, that a few trifling and ridiculous words might not by any means interrupt the harmony of the evening. This advice was very well relished by every one present, except Stack, who, indeed, did not publicly dissent from it, though it was evident, that he was by no means pleased with the conversation which had passed betwixt him and our adventurer. Classic soon perceived, that the

farmer was yet disgusted with him, and accordingly he used all his address, in order to overcome his antipathy; and in this point he succeeded so well, that this noble and disinterested patriot, at length agreed to stay and drink another tankard with our hero, after the rest of the company had departed.

This being dispatched, another was called for, and discussed in like manner, when Stack made a motion for going; this, however, Clastic endeavoured to prevent; but the farmer's native surliness returning, he continued obstinate in his purpose; and taking up his hat and whip, marched out of the kitchen, swearing at the same time, with no small dignity, that he was master of himself, and that he would go whenever he pleased. As the farmer swore he was master of his own actions, so Clastic swore he was not, when he was in company with a gentleman; and for that reason, insisted on his coming back again. The farmer, however, was so far from being prevailed

on

on by these arguments, that he gave our hero abusive language, in return to all his civilities, which Classic resenting, gave him a slight push, and bid him go to the devil. Stack, however, would not go strait forward, as he was ordered, which might proceed from the equipoise of his body's being destroyed by the force of two gallons of ale acting chiefly upon his head, the spirit of which, as we suppose, drove him forward with too much velocity, tilted up his heels, and threw him head-foremost into a large heap of horse dung, which seemed to have been providentially placed in the inn-yard for his reception.

But however this might be, it is certain, that the farmer was to the last degree incensed at the accident. As soon as he got up again, he called his servant to his assistance, and fell upon Oxymel with the utmost fury, who was not very capable of making a defence. Classic, who, notwithstanding this circumstance, soon found that

he had the advantage of his adversaries, determined within himself to punish them both for their insolence and presumption. His first efforts were directed towards the man; and he attacked him so warmly, that the fellow, after the first onset, took to his heels; when Clastic, turning about, in order to attack the other, found the farmer so closely engaged with a fresh adversary, that there was no occasion for his returning to the battle.

The adversary with which Mr. Stack was at present engaged, was nothing more or less than his own shadow. As the moon shone very bright, and the eyes of that gentleman were not very clear, he most unfortunately took the reflection of his own person against the wall, for the person of his adversary; and in consequence of this misapprehension, he belaboured the sides of the house at a most unmerciful rate. Though every blow he gave, fetched the skin from his own knuckles, yet he was so far from being convinced of his error, that he still persisted to pursue the image which danced

before him, with the utmost vigour, swearing at the same time, that he never met with such a slippery and hard-pated dog in his whole life.

This scene continued for some minutes, to the infinite diversion of our adventurer, who took care not to interfere in the squabble, from a principle of justice, as he concluded that the aggressor would suffer sufficiently for his folly. Classic would willingly have seen the issue of the combat; but as he perceived the farmer's man advancing towards him, at the head of above fifty peasants, and was afraid that he might be ill-treated by those gentry, he prudently retired, paid his reckoning, ordered out his horse, and rode off, leaving the farmer to determine the controversy at his own pleasure; and lucky for him was it, that he came to this resolution; for the fellow, whom he a little before had put to flight, was now returning to the field with a considerable reinforcement, and a full deter-

mination of taking vengeance on our hero; and so intent was he on this single object, that he totally overlooked the situation of his master; instead of rousing that worthy gentleman from his reverie, he left him skipping, dancing, and driving his head against a stone wall, whilst he went in quest of our fugitive. Had he overtaken him, in his rage, he would most certainly have demolished him; but his endeavours were luckily all in vain, for Oxymel had by this time made a secure retreat.

When the fellow found that he could not gratify his own passions, he returned, like a good servant, to the assistance of his master, who still continued at his exercise; the fellow, however, met with but a scurvy reward for his tenderness and civility; for Stack, the very moment that he saw him, was so far from thinking himself obliged to him, that he transferred his rage from one object to another, and began to belabour his man with as much fury, as he had before
bela-

belaboured the wall; but at last, the other peasants interfering in behalf of their brother, the farmer was carried by violence from the field of battle, and committed to the particular care of the hostler, till he might recover his former senses.



C H A P. XXXIX.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

WHILST these things were transacting within the precincts of the inn, our fugitive was employed in disciplining the sides of his horse, who was so well pleased with the reception he had met with in his quarters, that he was not very willing to leave them at so unseasonable a time of night; for this reason he made several retrograde motions; and had not our adventurer been well armed, would most undoubtedly have carried him back into the midst of all his enemies. To speak the truth, Clastic himself was much of the same opinion with his horse, and indeed had left the inn with so much reluctance, that it was pretty evident, nothing could have induced him to it, but the danger to which
his

his person must have been exposed by staying. The consideration, too, of the danger which might result from a pursuit, induced him to ply his whip and spurs very assiduously for the first half hour; but having by this time thought himself secure enough from a pursuit, he relaxed his pace, and began to consider with himself, in what part of the country he had got, and what course he should take; and this was the more necessary, as he had not prosecuted his journey much farther, before the moon, which was declining in the heavens, began to yield but a faint and glimmering light.

This consideration, however, was of very little service to him; for he had so far exceeded his latitude, that he could as easily have found his way in the desarts of Arabia, as in one of the most cultivated counties of all England. His situation was such, that it would have been ridiculous for him to have continued where he was, and it was likewise dangerous for him to go on. But

as the night began to grow darker and darker, he determined to proceed; and at last he found, that he had missed the high road, and strayed into a common. In this distress, he thought he saw a light before him, which he immediately made up to. As it was necessary for him, before he could arrive at it, to ascend a hill of some height. and as the ground was wet and slippery, he suffered his horse to go only a foot-pace.

Thus he at last gained the summit of the hill; and was on the point of descending on the other side, when his horse suddenly took fright, made a stumble, and threw Clastic (who was intent on the light he saw, and consequently not prepared for such an accident) with some violence against a tree. Our adventurer providentially received no hurt by his fall; but he had no sooner recovered his legs, than he discovered, oh! horror of horrors! not a living horse, but a dead one at his feet; and not a dead horse only, but a horse also without a skin.

Ten

Ten thousand apparitions could not have struck such horror to the soul of Richard, as this astonishing sight did to that of our traveller. So great was the shock which he received from it, that his blood curdled, his colour forsook him, and he had well nigh fainted on the spot. In this condition he remained for some moments; but at length his spirits returned again, though all power of reasoning and reflecting seemed to have utterly forsaken him. Had not the faculties of his mind been at this time totally unhinged, he could never have been so much alarmed at such a trifling occurrence; for he might then have naturally supposed, as was really the case, that his own horse had taken fright at some uncommon phenomenon; and after having thrown his rider, had made the best of his way back again to the inn; and that the object of his apprehension, was nothing but the carcase of another horse, which had died upon that very spot, and been afterwards flea'd by the poorer sort of people, for their profit and convenience.

Our

Our adventurer, however, in his present condition, was not able to make these reflections; and if we consider all the unfortunate circumstances which combined against him, it will not appear very marvellous that he should not. Before the accident happened, his head was disordered by the great quantity of ale which he had drunk, and the surprize occasioned by the supposed metamorphosis of a live horse into a dead one, was no-ways calculated towards setting it to rights again; however, he recovered strength enough to retreat from the place where he had been so terribly alarmed.

But he was far from being entirely freed from his apprehensions by this retreat, as he had still part of a large and dreary common to pass over in his march, where every bush and bramble might have been mistaken for a spectre, by one of a gloomy imagination. Clastic, indeed, was not so much alarmed on this occasion, as might have been expected, which perhaps was owing
to,

to the extraordinary expedition which he now used in travelling; for he proceeded on his journey with such celerity, that he had no opportunity of bestowing his attention on the objects round about him.

In this manner he passed over the common; and arriving at some enclosures, to his great satisfaction discovered a foot-path before him. This at once determined him which way to go; but before he entered on his new road, he took care to furnish himself with a stout hedge-stake, by way of a defensive weapon: thus equipped, he proceeded on his peregrination. After having travelled in this fashion about an hour, he discovered three or four lights at some distance from him, heard the jingling of bells, and a confused noise of human voices, which in his present perturbation he was by no means able to explain. At first, he halted; but at length, summoning all his courage, he clenched his stake, cocked his hat, and marched towards the place, whence
the

the light and noise proceeded, with the air and intrepidity of an Alexander.

Don Quixote would certainly have made an adventure of this affair; but Clastic had met with so many cursed adventures already, that he was as sick of them, as that worthy 'squire Sancho Panza himself might be, after he had received an hearty bastinado. Our hero was at present in no danger; for after crossing a few fields, he found himself in a turnpike road, and discovered, that this fresh phenomenon, which had engaged his attention, was the York waggon. This was a most agreeable discovery to our adventurer, who immediately purchased a place in it, as soon as he was informed that he was at a considerable distance from any reputable house, where he could be accommodated either with good liquor or a good bed; and he was the rather induced to this, as he received a hearty invitation from the company within, to join them, which indeed consisted chiefly
of

of a parcel of buxom Yorkshire lasses, who were travelling to London in quest of sweat-hearts and husbands. This invitation had the desired effect; and Classic, having made the driver an handsome present, entered the vehicle, where he presently attached himself very closely to one of these northern damsels, whom, by the help of the lantern, he could discern to be extremely pretty. When he first entertained the design of obtaining a seat in this conveyance, it was with a view of taking a comfortable nap; but his companions were too gay and agreeable, not to banish all such heavy thoughts from his imagination.

In what manner Classic spent his time, and what tricks he played in the waggon, is not our province to commemorate. As these things are no-ways connected with the thread of our history, we shall pass them over; only observing, that after a sudden fit of squeaking and squawling, the driver came to the tail of the waggon, bestowed

an hearty curse upon his new passenger, and swore, that his vehicle had fallen into a rut; and that unless he (Classic) would have done with his pranks, he should never be able to get it out again.

Whether our adventurer paid any regard or no, to these remonstrances, we shall not take upon us to ascertain; all we can inform him of, is, that about four o'clock in the afternoon, the waggon broke down with a horrid crash, and that our unlucky youth was in great danger of being suffocated. For by this præternatural motion of the carriage, he had the misfortune to be undermost; and in consequence of this, the women, by a strange inversion of things, were upon him. Classic was far from relishing this situation; and as he was displeased at it, and for that reason naturally aimed at his own deliverance, he made such a kicking and shoving, and disordered the women and their commodities so strangely, that an universal cry was raised against him. Yet he still persisted

in his exercise; though a fat devil of an hostess, who was herself equal to the weight of a mountain, very frequently befought him, in the name of the Lord, to lie still.

After a most comical piece of work, our travellers were delivered from their ludicrous situation, by the assistance of the driver, and two country-fellows retained for that particular purpose, who lugged them out by the heels, with as little ceremony, as if they had been some of their own sheep. As soon as our youth found himself once more on firm ground, he bad adieu to the damsels; though the waggoner would willingly have induced him to resume his former seat, by assuring him, that the damage which his machine had sustained, would be easily repaired. This, however, had so little effect upon Classic, that having received a direction to the nearest market-town, from the driver, he set off for it, with full resolution of getting some immediate conveyance to town.

But how easily are the finest plans of human wisdom defeated! As Classic was passing through a lonely place, in his progress to the market-town, he accidentally turned about, and saw three men, in sailors dresses, coming after him at full speed.

As the country had been for some time pestered with whole gangs of robbers, our adventurer began to tremble for the safety of his person. As he saw there was no possibility of escaping, he stopped till they came up to him; and having accosted them, and enquired which way they were travelling, he told them, he heartily wished them a good journey, and at the same time insisted on their accepting half a crown for drink. The fellows stared at each other; but Classic repeating his request, and offering the half crown to one, who seemed to be the chief among them, he accepted the cash, and pocketed it, without uttering a single syllable.

As soon as this was done, the sailors set forwards on their journey; and Classic, whose suspicions were by this time removed, accompanied them. The sailors thought themselves honoured, by the notice he had taken of them, and instead of prosecuting their journey with the expedition they had heretofore used, accommodated themselves to the slow pace of our adventurer; and at length, getting better of their native taciturnity, requested it of him, as a very particular favour, that he would do them the honour of spending an evening with them.

Classic, who was never very nice in the company which he kept, agreed to this proposal of the tars; and carried his condescension so far, as to go two miles out of his way for that purpose. But before he contracted this close intimacy with them, he was fully convinced, in his own mind, that the suspicions he had harboured to the prejudice of these honest tars, were entirely
without

without foundation. He found that they had been engaged in battling the Frenchmen, had just shared a considerable sum, by way of prize-money, and were now going on a visit to their sweet-hearts. But what won the heart and soul of Classic, was the unlimited generosity, which these noble sons of Neptune displayed, as they were marching through a country village. As our travellers were advancing through a dirty lane, a poor man observing them, ran and opened the gate for them, and at the same time implored their charity, in a tone, that might have excited pity even in avarice itself. Classic, whose hand was always as ready as his heart, when he had any thing to give, contributed largely to his relief: the sailors coming next, the poor fellow addressed himself to them likewise, and asked their charity. The captain of our tars, who was treasurer also, put his hand into his pocket, gave the fellow an hearty curse, and a guinea at the same time.

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When it was known what he had done, this uncommon liberality drew on a few remonstrances from the other tars, who looked a little grave upon it, and said, they thought half-a-piece might have done.

“Half-a-piece, replied the generous captain; what is half-a-piece to a poor man, without a coat on his back, or shoes on his feet! To be sure, a guinea is money; but what signifies that! D—mn a guinea! Why zounds, Jack, you know I have got forty more in my pocket.”

This argument was considered as unanswerable by the tars, and accordingly approved of. “Aye, aye, said they, he did right; what’s a guinea! d—mn a guinea! we wish he had given the poor fellow another.” The effect which this act of British generosity had on Classic, is not easily to be described; it indeed attached him so closely to his companions, and gave him so lively an idea of the unbounded munificence of our sailors, that he determined,

mined, from that moment, to build an hospital for their service, as soon as he might be in possession of an hundred thousand pounds.

Full of these charitable thoughts, he marched through one of the vilest roads in Europe, without feeling the least inconvenience or fatigue, and at last arrived, with his companions, at safe harbour in an excellent inn, where he and his brother travellers spent a most jovial evening together. About twelve, our adventurer retired to rest, and the sailors promised to follow him soon after. Classic bad them use their own time; but as they were to lie in the same apartments with himself, he cautioned them against disturbing him, as he had not had a moment's sleep for the space of almost three days.

They promised to comply with these orders, in the strictest manner imaginable; and indeed they did comply with them so
punc-

punctually, that when Classic rose the next morning, and enquired for his companions, he was told that they were gone. This behaviour seemed to him a little unaccountable; and he began to waver in the opinion he had entertained of these his associates. He was in some doubt, whether or no they might not have made free with his pockets; but he was soon made easy in this respect, as he found, on examination, that his cash was no-ways diminished. Being perfectly satisfied in this point, he demanded a bill; but the landlord gave him to understand, that the gentlemen, who had gone before, had discharged every farthing of the reckoning, and had particularly desired, that our adventurer would not be offended at it.



C H A P. XL.

A very ridiculous character is presented to the reader, which perhaps half the world may think a very respectable one.

AS my landlord was one of those facetious publicans, who love talking, as well as they do drinking, he insensibly engaged Classic in conversation with him, and very largely expatiated on the characters of his new departed guests.

“ There’s a parcel of fellows for you, now,
“ said he; I’ll warrant me, they have been
“ working like horses these two years, for
“ what they’ll spend like asses, according
“ to the old proverb, in two months. I
“ dare say, master, you understand pro-
“ verbs. Yes, yes, one may see it by your
“ face, that you are a scholar. But as I
“ was going to say, What hacking and
“ hewing must they have seen! What cut-
“ ting and flashing! What priming and
“ firing!

“ firing! What sinking and burning! What
 “ blowing up and blowing down! To be
 “ sure they are couragious dogs; that can-
 “ not be denied. Couragious dogs they
 “ are; though at the same time, they are
 “ some of your sad dogs; and the more’s
 “ the pity, say I: that it is, indeed; for
 “ the dogs, they love gun-powder; but
 “ then, on the other hand, they love
 “ brandy as well; and so, master, suppose
 “ you and I have a bumper a-piece this
 “ morning; it will not do us any harm;
 “ and then I’ll go on with my story.” The
 brandy being produced, mine host, who
 received fresh spirits from it, proceeded
 thus: “ As I was saying, master, what
 “ blowing up and blowing down! and then
 “ your balls and gun-powder! Oh Lord!
 “ I was on board a merchant-man once;
 “ and this I must say, that our English
 “ sailors mind balls and gun-powder no
 “ more, than I did the brandy I have just
 “ drank, and it is as good as was ever tipt;
 “ and so, if you please, we’ll have t’other
 K 2 “ bumper

“ bumper a-piece ; and if you want an
“ hare or a pheasant, at any time, it shall
“ be heartily at your service. So as I was
“ saying ; let me see ; I think I was talk-
“ ing about blowing up and blowing down ;
“ and true it is. When they come to shore,
“ they blow up the girls on land, as fast as
“ they blow up the men of war at sea.
“ Why now, I could hardly keep them
“ from boarding my cook-maid last night ;
“ but never mind that ; I have no business
“ with that, you know. Sir, my service
“ to you. When folks spend their money
“ like gentlemen, it does not signify what
“ they do : and these sailors drank me out
“ two and thirty shillings in grog last night,
“ after you went to bed, and paid their
“ reckoning like men of honour.”

The publican was proceeding in this manner, with amazing volubility, when one of the waiters, who carried the importance of a prime-minister in his face, pulled him by the sleeve, and told him, that the
gouty

gouty gentleman, from the great white house, was then at the door, and insisted on seeing him immediately. “ Odsbobs, says
 “ the landlord, why then -I sha’nt have
 “ time to finish my story this time; but
 “ yet I’ll tell it you, master, before you
 “ go. You are a man I like: I have taken
 “ a fancy to you; for the sailors told me,
 “ how generously you behaved about the
 “ half crown; and so for that reason, I’ll
 “ introduce you to this gentleman: you’ll
 “ be mighty happy in his company; for
 “ he is one of the most learned men in
 “ the whole county, that he is. In the
 “ whole county, did I say; I might say it,
 “ and safely too, that there is not such an
 “ ingenious man within two hundred miles
 “ of the place: why he understands every-
 “ thing: but come along; I’ll introduce
 “ you to him; though he is rather nice in
 “ the company he keeps, yet let me alone
 “ to give you a character to him. My
 “ word, I promise you, will go a great
 “ way with him.”

At the conclusion of this sentence, mine host set off at full speed, in order to pay his respects to the gouty gentleman from the great white house, and Oxymel followed him. When Classic got to the inn door, he discovered a lusty man, with a copper-coloured face, and red nose, on horseback, who was at that moment ordering the landlord to bring him a half-pint bumper of brandy for his immediate use, and to put up a pint more for his future occasions. The publican was not slow in obeying these orders; and the half-pint being brought, this veteran immediately seized upon it, and chucking it down at once, stroked his sides, gave an hem, and then cried out, “ This
“ will do; this is the very thing: this will
“ fortify the heart. Curse the chalk-stones;
“ this will preserve the liver. So, now for
“ the gout; this scoundrel gout: I’ll drive
“ the rascal to the devil, in a quarter of an
“ hour. I’ll cool his courage: I’ll send
“ him packing to old Beelzebub in the
“ twinkling of an eye. But I shall want
“ help.

“ help. Tom, you rascal, said he, ad-
 “ dressing himself to the landlord, you
 “ must go with me; and, do you hear,
 “ bring a servant or two besides, you
 “ thief.”

As soon as our invalid had uttered this elegant address, he departed from the inn, attended by the landlord, two of the landlord's servants, and our adventurer. They marched in procession for the space of about half a mile; and having then arrived at a small close, which had been previously pitched upon for the scene of action, the gentleman dismounted, by help of his attendants, and was carried into the field. As soon as this was done, he ordered one of the servants to pull off his great coat and slippers; and then turning to the landlord, ordered him, on pain of an heavy penalty, to keep tight hold on him; for he swore most bitterly, that if he met with a fall, he would fire the landlord's house about his ears. Classic was in the utmost

astonishment at these proceedings, and could by no means conceive where the farce would end. At length, however, the gentleman himself explained his intentions, by addressing himself to the landlord, and saying, " So the doctor told you it would
" kill me, did he! Now I think I shall
" convince you, that I know better than
" the doctor. I'll take none of their pills,
" and their potions, and their arthritics,
" and the devil knows what beside, not I.
" I'll cure myself, in spite of Galen and
" Hippocrates, tinctures and purges, clysters and gallypots. Come, let us begin;
" and do you take care that you hold fast,
" you rascal; but first, be sure that you
" have not left the brandy-bottle behind
" you."

Being fully satisfied as to this point, he gave one arm to the landlord, and desired Classic to lay hold of him by the other. This was readily complied with; and whilst they thus held him out, like a child that is
just

just learning to go alone, this strange humourist skipped and danced about in the grass, with astonishing agility. This exercise he continued for some minutes, to the infinite surprize of Classic, who was no less amazed at the firmness and resolution of the man, than at the strange method of cure he had hit upon for his disorder. He indeed expected every moment, that the gouty matter would, by so strong a repellent, have been driven up into the stomach, and that immediate death, or the most excruciating pain, would be the consequence of it. But in this expectation, he was happily deceived. The patient, indeed, after much skipping and dancing in the cold dew, began to bellow like a town bull; and desisting from his exercise for a few minutes, was obliged to call for the brandy. This inimitable cordial had so excellent an effect on him, that as soon as he had swallowed a sufficient dose, he resumed his former task, and continued at it so long, that the sweat ran in prodigious streams from every part

of his body, and he seemed to be on the immediate point of fainting away. His attendants were so much alarmed at these symptoms, that they compelled him to retire from the field, and attempted to set him on his horse. This, however, was impracticable; and our company would have been reduced to the last distress, had not an empty post-chaise passed by at that instant. Having conveyed the patient into this machine, they conducted him to his own house, and took care that every thing suitable to his case should be provided for him.

Classic waiting on him next day, expected to have found him confined to his bed; but instead of this, the first object that presented itself to his view, when he got to the house, was this extraordinary genius, sitting before his own door, and taking a large cogue of Holland's gin. As soon as the veteran discerned our hero, he advanced to meet him; and taking him by the arm,
lugged

lugged him forcibly into the study. As soon as they got there, “ You behaved
 “ well yesterday, said this veteran, and I
 “ think myself obliged to you for it. I
 “ fancy you thought me rather crazy; but
 “ I have drove the gout to the devil. I’ll
 “ tell you what; I have not been able to
 “ walk these three weeks, till this very
 “ day, and now I can walk as well as any
 “ man living. ’Sdeath, I’ll run with any
 “ man of my age and size in the three
 “ kingdoms: but I am partly obliged to
 “ you for it; you took a good deal of
 “ pains with me, though I was an utter
 “ stranger to you. However, I am deter-
 “ mined to make you amends. I’ll shew
 “ you my cabinet of curiosities; and such
 “ curiosities they are, as I dare swear you
 “ have never seen in your whole life be-
 “ fore.”

Having said this, the old gentleman opened several drawers full of old and rusty medals, which he assured Classic were of

inestimable value; “for some of them, says
“he, are above seventeen hundred years
“old.” Clastic affected to admire them;
though, for ought he knew, the medals
might have been the proper coin of his own
country; for they were so defaced by time
and accidents, that it was impossible to as-
certain on what occasion they had been
struck. Oxymel would not have given an
English half crown for the whole collection;
yet the virtuoso set so great a value upon
them, that his suspicions would not suffer
Clastic to advance within three yards of his
curiosities. All the time our hero continued
in the room, he planted himself before the
drawers in such a position, that it was al-
most impracticable for him to have a side
view of them. Indeed he guarded them,
as if they had been a most rare and valua-
ble treasure. But however careful he was
of his medals, he was extremely pleased
with the encomiums which Clastic bestowed
on him, on this occasion. Having shut
his drawers, he turned round upon our
hero,

hero, took him by the hand, and told him he was a sensible fellow; “ and since you
“ are so, proceeded he, I’ll let you into
“ some of my secrets. I have some won-
“ ders to communicate to you, I assure
“ you; greater wonders than any you have
“ seen already. I dare say, you was not
“ a little surprized, to find that dancing in
“ the dew is an excellent cure for the gout :
“ but a cure it certainly is; for you see
“ that it has cured me. This I discovered ;
“ I myself: and besides this, I can cure
“ almost all disorders whatever. There are
“ very few, but what I am perfectly ac-
“ quainted with; but above all, I have
“ been remarkably successful in curing the
“ ague; and at this very time, I have a
“ countryman upon my hands, who is al-
“ most killed by this disorder. Now I
“ have a secret, which will cure him with-
“ out the help of medicine; without either
“ internal or external application. You
“ must know, Mr. Classic, I intend to re-
“ vive the cabalistical method of cure.
“ My

“ My instruments, indeed, are not yet
“ prepared; but I shall have them ready
“ by to-morrow. I insist upon your at-
“ tending me; for I design, as a return to
“ your civilities, to let you into all my se-
“ crets.” Clastic returned a very gracious
answer to this very gracious speech; and as
his curiosity was by this time fully excited,
he promised to wait on him in the morn-
ing; not doubting, but his cure for the
ague would be found full as extraordinary,
as his cure for the gout.

When he arrived at the virtuoso's house
next morning, he found him very intent in
forming a charm for the expulsion of the
ague; which was so powerful, as he said,
that it would infallibly drive away that dis-
order, and almost all pestilential ones. Nay,
said he, I have so high an opinion of it,
that I make no doubt, but if a man was to
wear it about his middle, it would secure
him from getting the pox itself. Clastic's
curiosity was by this time raised to the
highest

highest pitch; but the virtuoso refused to communicate this important secret to him, till they had made an experiment on the patient, and the real efficacy of his application might be determined.

At last they arrived at the destined spot, and discovered, in a poor country cottage, a wretch, whose very skin had been changed from its natural complexion, to a yellow hue, by the severity of his distemper. But in spite of this appearance of danger, the virtuoso bad his patient be of good courage; and assured him, with the utmost confidence, that he would afford him immediate relief. Our virtuoso having made this declaration, immediately put on the physician; and assuming the utmost solemnity in his countenance, asked the patient how long he had been troubled with his complaint, and how often it returned; though in a style something more pompous and magnificent, than we have used on the occasion. These questions being duly answered,

swered, he drew from his pocket a paper, curiously and quaintly folded, and addressing himself to the fellow, told him, it would act like an enchantment, and that it must be hung about his neck. The poor fellow, who was almost ignorance itself, seemed terribly alarmed at this intelligence; and begged the virtuoso, for the love of God, not to play any of his tricks with him; "for I have been told, says he, as how, you know a great deal more than doctor Foster himself; and though for my part, I should be glad to be cured of this confounded ague, yet I do not chuse to have any paper put about my neck. As joyful as it would make me to get cured of this disorder, yet I should not like to be concerned in any thing that has witchcraft in it." The virtuoso endeavoured to persuade his patient to a compliance; but the fellow continued so obstinate in his own purpose, that he absolutely refused the paper, unless he might first be permitted to see the inside of it; when the virtuoso, who trembled for fear
of

of losing the honour of the cure, agreed to the proposal of the fellow; and unfolding his paper, there stood disclosed to view, the following formidable letters, and in the following formidable order :

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 A B R A C A D A
 A B R A C A D
 A B R A C A
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 A B R A
 A B R
 A B
 A

“ This is a charm, said the doctor, which came originally from Egypt, and was first of all invented there, by some of the Wise Men that belonged to the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, for the use of the family of the Arfacidæ. Ptolemy Philadelphus afterwards made a present of it to Neoptolemus, king of Arabia; who at last, for a considerable present, discovered the secret
 to

to king Solomon; and I accidentally met with it, the other day, in an ancient Hebrew manuscript." This string of hard names, together with the dreadful appearance of ABRACADABRA itself, made the fellow's hair to stand on end, and he would by no means have suffered the incantation to have come near him, had not his wife, by dint of certain matrimonial arguments, compelled him to submit to the doctor's directions.

The virtuoso being thus backed, applied the charm to the fellow's neck, with all the ceremony usual on such occasions; and having assured him, that he should never have another return of the ague, sent him to bed shaking and shivering all the way he went.

The next day, the virtuoso, as was natural, went to enquire after his patient, and to see how the incantation had operated; when he had the satisfaction to find,
that

that the fellow was effectually secured against any future attacks from his disorder; he having, indeed, departed this life, through a violent fright, about four hours after the application of the charm.

Old ABRACADABRA was somewhat astonished at this news; yet he was so far from doubting the efficacy of his prescription, or from being deterred from the use of it by this ill success, that having been accidentally informed, that a certain apothecary had bestowed a charitable visit on the patient, after his administration, he immediately imputed the sick man's death to him; and swore, that this son of Galen had poisoned the fellow, in order to bring his practice into disrepute; "for you know, Classic," said he, "if I should go on in curing people after this manner, there would be no occasion for any apothecaries in the world."

Classic allowed the force of his reasoning, and determined to attach himself more closely

ly

ly than ever, to this astonishing genius; and indeed, the longer our adventurer was acquainted with this original son of science, the more reason had he to admire him. Though he had met with many oddities in his life, yet he never met with so great an one as this; and perhaps the world never produced an equal to him.

We cannot help lamenting, but what Clastic had been more closely connected with him than he was, as we might then have had an opportunity of divulging many excellent schemes, which could not fail of being very serviceable to mankind. Those, however, which he communicated to Clastic, we shall, with equal generosity, communicate to the reader; and if any person has money enough to get a patent for them, he is very welcome. Amongst many other useful schemes, this projector had formed an excellent plan, for excluding all monosyllables, dissyllables, and trisyllables, from the English language; and besides this, he was at the same time em-

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ployed in calculating the exact quantity of smoke which might be produced every year in London. In consequence of this, he had made application to many churchwardens and coal-merchants for their assistance in so great an undertaking. Those gentlemen, however, begged to be excused, as they had other matters of more importance to take up their time. However, this was far from discouraging him; he still persisted in his resolution, and it was thought by many very substantial people, that his account would be tolerably exact; and indeed, ABRACADABRA himself said, “ that he made no doubt, but
 “ his calculation would come within an
 “ hundred weight, one way or other, ei-
 “ ther under or over; and what was an
 “ hundred weight of smoke to such a place
 “ as London? Why it could not be above
 “ half an ounce, or such a thing, amongst
 “ twenty or thirty chimnies!”

These,

These, and many other deep schemes of the same nature, was he engaged in for the public good; amongst many other excellent schemes, he had one for extracting jellies from carrots; and another, for making excellent broth of cow-heel; and Classic might perhaps have been made acquainted with them all, had it not been for that ridiculous levity, which was so remarkable in all his behaviour.

Our adventurer, soon after the departure of the poor fellow to the other world, went to pay old ABRACADABRA a visit; and to his infinite astonishment, found him stamping and tearing about the room, with a damask night-cap on his head, and a large box of ointment in his hands. As soon as the virtuoso discerned his friend and acquaintance, his passion instantaneously ascended from his heels to his head, and burst from him in a torrent of eloquence, “ By
 “ all that’s sacred, quoth he, I had rather
 “ be a goat, and live on the mountains of
 “ Wales,

“ Wales, than a man. Never was a wretch
“ so tormented and afflicted as I am. The
“ gout was plague enough to me; but the
“ gout was nothing to my present tortures.
“ Oh! that dog of a barber; he has cut
“ me and flased me to pieces. May I be
“ confounded, if I ever come under his
“ hands again. Shaving! shaving! Do
“ you call this shaving? I had rather be
“ scalped by the tomahawk of a Cherokee
“ Indian, than be shaved by some of our
“ English barbers—curse me if I had not.
“ Such inventions as we have! The devil
“ take the fellow that invented razors, say
“ I. A fool, a puppy, a scoundrel; if he
“ is not d—mn’d for it, I am sure there is
“ no hell.” “ You are perfectly right, re-
plied Classic; those barbers, with their con-
founded razors, are the greatest pests of
society; they all of them deserve to be ex-
tirpated; and I could heartily wish some
scheme might be thought of, to relieve us
from their cursed operations.”

“ Just

“ Just my mind: just my mind for all
“ the world, replied old ABRACADABRA,
“ and extirpated they shall be. I have a
“ scheme in my head, my dear boy, nay,
“ betwixt you and I, it is already brought
“ to maturity; and I make no doubt,
“ but it will immortalize my name. In
“ two years time, Classic, we will not have
“ two barbers in the three kingdoms.”
What, I suppose then, said our adventurer,
“ you intend writing an Essay on Beards! If
you once take pen in hand, I am persuaded
it will be all over with the barbers; for I
doubt not, but you will persuade all the
sensible men in Europe to let their beards
grow, till they are as long as Methusalem’s.”
“ Let them grow, said the virtuoso! Puh,
“ puh! let them grow, indeed! No, Sir,
“ I intend to persuade them to take them
“ off; but not by the present method of
“ scratching and scraping. Come, come
“ along with me. See! look! observe!
“ The machine in that box, is of my in-
“ vention. I devised it; and it will take
“ off

“ off the whole beard at one stroke.”
 “ An excellent contrivance, quoth Classic.
 “ You’ll say so, indeed, replied the virtuoso,
 “ when you have examined it; but this
 “ place is too public; we are overlooked
 “ here, and my secret may be discovered;
 “ so follow me.” Oxymel immediately
 complied with these commands, and the
 virtuoso led him into a private and remote
 room, where he kept his most valuable
 curiosities; and after a long harangue,
 (which, if it had come from the mouth of
 an university professor, would have been
 deemed a very learned discourse) he opened
 the box, and produced a machine of the
 most tremendous size and figure.

This machine was so contrived, that by
 means of a small spring, it opened, and
 would receive the head of any middle-sized
 man: without it was smoothly polished;
 and within, it was armed on each side with
 an instrument of steel, exactly resembling
 an English scythe in sharpness and in figure.

Whenever an operation was to be performed, the head being placed in a proper position, and both sides of the machine brought close together, the instrument was put in motion by a very simple and natural contrivance; and by these means, thirty or forty beards might have been taken off, in less time than an equal quantity of minutes.

Classic stood for some moments wrapped in profound amazement at the ingenuity of the virtuoso; and ABRACADABRA, looking upon this as an intended compliment, burst into a laugh of self-approbation; and asked Oxymel, if he did not think that it would do? Yes, said Classic, it will certainly do; it is undoubtedly the most effectual machine that ever was invented; and I should be vastly glad to see an experiment of it made. “That is right, said the virtuoso, an experiment should be made; and as I have “a great regard for you, my young friend, “you shall be the first to try it: but you “must not say a word about the matter; “for

“ for if my invention is once known, I
 “ shall be pestered with applications for the
 “ first trial. Sit down: but no; we’ll de-
 “ fer the operation till to-morrow, for I
 “ think your beard is hardly long enough
 “ at present.” Classic told the virtuoso,
 “ he was sensible of the honour intended
 “ him, though he was determined by no
 “ means to accept of it.”

But this extraordinary modesty in our hero, was of very little service to him; for old ABRACADABRA pushed his favour on him with so much violence, that it seemed almost impossible to decline it. “ I insist
 “ upon your trying the experiment, said
 “ the virtuoso; it will be a public benefit,
 “ and you shall have all the glory of it.”
 It may be a public benefit, said Classic, for ought I know; yet I have full right to consult my own private interest first.
 “ What, replied the virtuoso, will not you
 “ do this for the good of your country?”
 No, said Classic, I would not venture my

head in such a cursed machine, if the welfare of this country, and every other country in Europe, depended on my compliance. “What, do you distrust the efficacy of my contrivance, young man,” said the projector! Do you think that the machine will not take off the beard?” That it will take off the beard, said Clastic, I have no doubt; and to confess the honest Truth, I would submit to the operation, but that I am afraid it will take the head off too, at the same Time.

C H A P. XLI.

On praying and preaching; on regeneration and matrimony.

NO sooner had these Words proceeded from the lips of Oxymel, than the virtuoso changed colour, burst into a furious passion, and told Clastic, “that he was a stupid, illiberal scoundrel;” and not contented with this discharge of his fury, he seized upon the machine, which we have just described, and threw it with such violence at our

hero's temples, that had it taken proper effect, it would have dispatched him to the shades below, in the space of two moments.

Classic, however, luckily avoided the blow; and being unwilling, on many accounts, to come to a rupture with a man of such prodigious ingenuity, he began to apologize for his behaviour, in the most submissive terms. But this condescension had so little effect on the exasperated virtuoso, that instead of accepting the apology of our hero, he let fly a whole volley of oaths at him; and snatching up a rusty sword, which lay amongst his other curiosities, and which was confidently affirmed to have belonged originally to one of Oliver Cromwell's life-guard-men, would most certainly have run him through the body, had not that gentleman taken to his heels, and made a swift retreat down the back-stairs.

ABRACADABRA, notwithstanding the disagreeable and disgraceful circumstances to which he had reduced our hero, was yet far from being pacified. He pursued his flying enemy with all the expedition he was master

of. But this availed him nothing; for Classic far exceeded him in swiftness.

As the virtuoso would not give up the chace, and Classic was confident of his own superiority, he stopt short in the middle of the street, and turned round to reconnoitre the enemy. As our adventurer was firmly persuaded at that time, that no reconciliation could ever pass betwixt them, he ventured to harangue the virtuoso once more, and even had the impudence to desire him not to make too much haste, as a violent exertion of his body might probably bring on a fit of the gout, which perhaps might be cured in much the same manner, that the poor fellow's ague was at the thatched-house.

This fresh provocation gave the virtuoso such strength and vigour, that he sprung forward with redoubled violence, and seemed so much renewed in health and spirits, that Classic thought it necessary for him to take once more to his heels.

In order to do this, he turned about; and this, my good sensible reader, it was necessary for him to do, as he intended, like many able generals, to retire from his enemy, and not to run directly into the face of him. In doing this, he unfortunately stumbled over a large stone, which lay in his way, and fell with such violence on his knee-pan, that it was with the utmost pain and difficulty that he could hobble along. The virtuoso observing this, set up a prodigious shout, and brandished his broad-sword. As Classic at this time had not the advantage of more than twenty yards of his adversary, and as he was entirely unarmed, he gave up all hopes of escaping with his life. He was on the point of submitting to his fate, when he providentially heard a noise, somewhat resembling the sighs and groans, which, it may be supposed, are often heard in the regions of Tartarus, proceed from a large building on the right hand. As the wretched naturally fly any where for relief,

it is not to be wondered at, that our adventurer should fly from a certain danger, to any place where there was only a probability of it.

The noise, which both pleased and alarmed our hero, proceeded from a set of spiritual psalm-singers, who were then assembled in a Methodist meeting-house. As soon as Classic perceived the company he had got amongst, he mingled with the crowd, and by these means, effectually secured himself from the pursuit of ABRACADABRA. In this situation he continued for some time; but at length, the place growing too warm for him, he gradually retired towards the door, with an intention of making his escape as soon as possible, when one of the attendants, who observed him to be genteely drest, offered to shew him into a pew. This favour he very readily accepted, though we are sorry to say it, not from any principle of devotion. The truth of the matter is, our adventurer
would

would have declined the offer, had he not discovered a very agreeable lady in the very same pew, into which he was to be himself conducted, whose face was very familiar to him. At first, he was unable to recollect the place where he had seen her; but what was his astonishment, when, on a proper examination, he found the object of his present admiration, to be the identical lady, to whom he had formerly been introduced by his friend Practise.

The lady and her lover having once more met together, they soon recognized each other, and neither of them seemed much displeas'd at this unexpected meeting. Classic, in his own mind, hail'd the opportunity, and determin'd to revive his old courtship, not doubting, from the reception he met with, but the lady would be as well pleas'd with his addresses now, as she had been formerly. But this happiness was not reserv'd for our adventurer, the lady being already dispos'd of for life.

After the fatal adventure of the brandy-bottle, a lay-preacher belonging to a certain tabernacle, who had once been a journeyman shoemaker, found means to ingratiate himself into her favour; and of this he made so good an use, that taking an infamous advantage of her weakness, he made love to her so effectually, as they were joining in prayer together one evening in private, that the lady was afterwards obliged to yield him every thing which he asked. Classic was shocked to the last degree, at this account; but as he still retained some tenderness for her, and perhaps had some little affection for her person still remaining in him, he determined to renew his acquaintance with her.

Classic, as far as we know, never made any advances of a gallant nature to her, nor is there any reason to believe, if he had, that the lady herself would have admitted them; but however this may be, he was always an acceptable visitor at her house:

During

During their connexion together, she introduced him to the worthy and reverend Mr. Caleb, as a gentleman, for whose soul she had a particular concern, and whose conversion she intended. Caleb exerted all his endeavours to make a profelyte of our hero; and Classic, who observed the prodigious quantity of game, fowl, fish, and all kinds of delicacies, which continually rolled in upon this new-light of the gospel, was almost tempted to take upon himself the same profession, especially as Caleb, after he had received a specimen of his abilities, offered him a considerable annuity for three years to come. Oxymel was tempted too, to undertake this task, as he thought there could be no great difficulty of succeeding in this kind of business; as he was well convinced, that if you assume but a sufficient quantity of gravity in your face, the world will give you credit for as much religion as you please; and besides this, the adventures of Caleb himself were exactly calculated to incite him to this profession,

as well as the persuasions of his beloved mistress, who now seemed as much attached to the interests of his soul, as she had been formerly to his body.

Though her persuasions, enforced with all the power of female beauty, were alone sufficient to have overcome the strongest resolution, yet they received no small reinforcement of strength from the adventures of Caleb himself, and the success which that gentleman had met with in the ministry.

The reverend Mr. Caleb was born in the West of England, of poor, but honest parents, as the learned Ordinaries of Newgate used formerly to tell us in their elegant Dissertations, though those great luminaries in the Republic of Letters, are now unhappily silenced; and being a lad of some parts, and very great cunning, and besides this, of a most grave and demure aspect, he was taken as an apprentice, without

without fee or reward, by an apothecary in the town where he lived. In this situation he behaved himself so discreetly, and frequented the congregations of the godly, with so much punctuality, that at last he was taken notice of by them. And at length, as they found that he had a gift of shutting his eyes, and opening them again by turns; a gift of praying, and a gift of preaching, in such a manner, that he could by no means be understood; which, however, in the language of the Tabernacle, is called the gift of the Holy Ghost, they determined to send him to Oxford, to finish his studies, as they expressed themselves; though in reality, it was to begin them.

As soon as this important scheme (we mean the scheme of beginning his studies) was accomplished, he took upon him the ministry, not with any lucrative views, but because he had a call: but whatever the motives might be, which induced him to attempt this profession, it is certain, that
he

he was not long contented with the profits of the curacy, which had been provided for him, and which, to speak the truth, were extremely small. In consequence of this discontent, he abruptly threw it up; and not readily finding a reception elsewhere, he used occasionally to mount on benches and logs of wood, in the open streets, and in this manner harangue the people as they passed along. This, however, had not the effect which he expected; the joke had been too frequently repeated already by his predecessors; and poor Caleb, instead of raising any contributions by his oratory, had the misfortune generally to raise a shower of stones and mud about his ears; and once, as he was opening his mouth to the utmost of its extent, on some extraordinary occasion, a certain wag chucked a rotten egg into it, with so happy a dexterity, that our preacher was in some danger of being silenced for ever.

He

He was so much chagrined at this ill success, that he was on the point of abandoning his ministry, when he was taken notice of by some of the religious, and appointed to the management of a tabernacle at some distance from London. Here he succeeded so well, and defied the world and the flesh so effectually, by his penances and mortifications, that he was now able to expend betwixt three and four hundred pounds in furnishing his house; though when he first entered on his office of pastor, he had not half as many sixpences in his pocket. In a short time, Caleb secured himself in the possession of his place, and the hearts of his hearers. Whenever he sent forth an ejaculation, it was always accompanied by a groan from the audience; and whenever he read prayers, the devouter part of his congregation always said, God bless him; nor is it any wonder, that his audience should sigh in concert with him, for he continually kept a set of gruntes and groaners, planted in different parts of the

the

the tabernacle, at his own expence; as puffers are hired at an auction, and clappers the first night of a new play. The advantages he received from these, and other artifices, brought him in a very considerable income; with which Classic was so well acquainted, that he found some strong temptations within him, which urged him to take upon him the same profession. But strongly as he was tempted, he still had some objections to entering on this way of life.

He was not only an utter enemy to all kind of hypocrisy and deceit, but he was likewise somewhat doubtful of his own abilities as a preacher, as any man of common sense would have been of succeeding, where reason is by no means requisite towards pleasing a mixed audience. Classic's sermons were expected to run in the same strain with Mr. Caleb's; and as Mr. Caleb was an exact imitator of that great new light, or, rather, that dark lanthorn
of

of divinity, Mr. G—ge W——d, Classic would have found himself under a necessity of imitating that illustrious preacher.

Mr. G—ge W——d, on a Good-Friday, once began his discourse in the following words: “ One a penny, two a penny, hot
 “ cross buns! Oh, shame! Shame!
 “ Shame! This has been the trade ever
 “ since four o’clock this morning:” and Mr. Caleb, once preaching on the analogy betwixt the Old Testament and the New, addressed himself to his audience, after this sort:

“ Heads or tails? Man or woman? Six
 “ of hearts or eight of spades! So proceed
 “ your vile sinners of the world; your
 “ abandoned, your graceless, your unre-
 “ generate. It is the tofs up of a half-
 “ penny to them, whether there is any
 “ *annology* or no, betwixt the Old Testa-
 “ ment and the New. It is so, indeed;
 “ though the words I have just read to
 “ you,

“ you, my dear brethren, shew, that there
“ is an *annology*, and a strong annology
“ too;—but before I *goes* any farther, be-
“ fore I *penetrates* into the hidden depths,
“ into the secret paths, the hiding places,
“ as I may say, of my discourse, permit
“ me to tell you, that you must expect the
“ plain truth from me, I *says*, as how I
“ shall tell you plain matter of fact. Some
“ things there are, though, of my own
“ private opinion, relating to this text;
“ but all these things I shall omit, because
“ they are my own private opinion; but
“ to go on: I am none of your downy
“ doctors, none of your velvet-mouthed
“ preachers, none of your high-fed priests;
“ and though I have a chaise and pair, yet
“ a lady of great quality, out of her great
“ goodness, keeps them for me. But I’ll
“ fend you all the right way; I’ll keep you
“ all from Satan and his imps; from all
“ his devils; from his black devils, and
“ his white devils, and his grey hoary de-
“ vils, such devils as Simon Magus had.

“ Aye,

“ Aye, his was a grey hoary devil indeed.
 “ Now how many devils there are amongst
 “ you, I can’t tell, can’t absolutely tell ;
 “ but if I may be allowed to guefs, I be-
 “ lieve there are fome of all forts ; as the
 “ text fays, I came not to deftroy the law
 “ and the prophets, but to fulfil them.
 “ Hem, hem, hem ; and fo you think—
 “ hem ; and fo you think your good
 “ works will fave you, do you ? Answer
 “ me. Will your good works regenerate
 “ you ? Will your good works make your
 “ election fure ? Will your good works
 “ give you grace ? Oh ! now you feel it ;
 “ now I fpeak home to your confciences.
 “ Ay, you had better grunt and groan,
 “ and whimper, now, than roll about in
 “ hell flames and brimftone to all eternity
 “ hereafter. Good works ! What, you’ll
 “ give your twopences, and your four-
 “ pences, and your fixpences, to the poor
 “ of the parifh, or the poor about the
 “ ftreets, and they are no better than va-
 “ gabonds ; and you won’t give a fingle
 “ penny

“ penny towards enlightening that place,
“ I mean this place, though it is a dark
“ winter, where I trust many have been
“ enlightened. Before you obtain the
“ kingdom of Heaven, you must be re-
“ generate; you must throw off the filth
“ of the world, and the filth of the flesh;
“ you must scrub yourselves with the
“ scrubbing-brush of repentance; you all
“ want scrubbing, and rubbing, and drub-
“ bing, that you do; and I’ll scrub you,
“ and rub you, and drub you. You are
“ nothing, I tell you, but the guts and
“ garbage of iniquity, the sink of sin, and
“ the dung-cart of pollution. Oh Lord,
“ thou knowest us; thou hast bought us,
“ thou hast purchased us; we are e’en thy
“ own hard filthy bargain; so take us just
“ in the pickle we are in, and make us
“ what thou wouldest have us be. But
“ come, be of good cheer, here’s a word
“ of comfort for you; people shan’t say,
“ that I preach up damnation; they sha’nt
“ say that I send folks to Bedlam. No, no,
“ my

“ my brethren, here’s a word of comfort
 “ for you yet. Let your sins be ever so
 “ bad ; let them be red as scarlet, or black
 “ as ink, nay, let them be what they will,
 “ by the blessing of the Lord, I’ll stand in
 “ the gap. I am contented, I say, to stand
 “ in the gap. But then mind this ; let us
 “ have no more of your twopences to the
 “ poor of the parish, and the poor of the
 “ streets, and depend upon it, I’ll stand in
 “ the gap. Now may the words which
 “ you have heard, be conveyed through
 “ your outward eye, into your inward un-
 “ derstanding, to the comfort and edifica-
 “ tion of your dear and precious souls,
 “ &c. &c.”

This sermon was preached almost verba-
 tim, as we have given it to the reader, one
 sabbath-day, by the rev. Mr. Caleb, and
 was extremely applauded by his congrega-
 tion, because they could understand it ;
 but Classic, who was unluckily at that time
 one of his hearers, was so incensed at the
 illiterate

illiterate and fulsome eulogiums bestowed on this miserable oration, which, miserable as it is, is still better than what half the Methodist-preachers in London treat their congregations with, that he determined, from that moment, to relinquish his design of taking the ministry upon him. Having come to this resolution, he took leave of his mistress, on pretence of being called to town on some extraordinary emergency; and he would have done the same by Caleb, had not that gentleman so earnestly insisted on his staying only three days longer, that he could not, with any decency, refuse him. Classic's curiosity, too, was strongly interested in this affair; for Caleb told him, that if he would only continue with him till that time, he made no doubt of giving him a strong instance of that grace, which was in his own heart, and thereby inducing him the more readily to imitate so great an example.

Our

Our adventurer was at a loss to divine, in what manner this mystery would terminate; however, the whole matter was soon unravelled to him; for Caleb came to him one morning, and desired his attendance at the parish church, on particular business, before nine o'clock. Oxymel was punctual to the appointment; and having entered the church, was not a little surprized to find Mr. Caleb there, attended by his friends and advancing towards the altar, with a lady of beauty and fortune, whom by the dint of pulpit-eloquence, he had just made a conquest of. As soon as the ceremony was performed, our adventurer, and the rest of the company, retired to Caleb's house. A very elegant dinner was provided, and much religious conversation, as well as rich wine, was the sauce to it. After the bottle had been pushed briskly about, Caleb rung the bell for his servant, and demanded to know, if the post-chaise, which he had ordered, was yet ready. Such an unexpected question, threw the whole

whole company into the greatest suspense, but they were soon delivered from it; for Caleb, rising from the table, and addressing himself to his guests, told them, “ That he had chosen them to be witnesses of his conduct;” and then lifting up his hands and eyes towards Heaven, he called upon all good Angels to testify, that he had not entered on the holy estate of matrimony with any carnal view; not with the view of satisfying the flesh, and the lusts thereof, but merely from religious and gospel motives; and in order to convince the whole world of His extraordinary piety, he desired the company then present to observe, that he had married a lady of great beauty, a lady that might even tempt an Anchorite; and at the same time he desired them to take notice, that he intended to tear himself from her arms, beautiful as she was, and to set out for London immediately. “ I will give none occasion to the prophane, quoth he, to talk and prate at my expence; but on the contrary

“ trary will convince them, that we can
 “ do, as well as say, and that we have the
 “ spirit of G—d within us.”

This chaste resolution met with the applause which it deserved, and indeed every one in the room seemed perfectly satisfied with the reasons which had been assigned for so extraordinary a conduct, Classic and the new-married lady excepted. She, indeed, looked remarkably grave upon the occasion; and gave Caleb a look, which ought by all means to have kept him at home. But this was of little service; for having once more declared, that he would overcome all temptations, though he did great violence to himself, he burst from the company, darted into the post-chaise, and set off for town as fast as the horses could carry him.

As soon as Caleb was gone, the bride retired whimpering to her apartment; and the company, as is usual, began to make

observations on what had past. Having examined into his conduct with the most exact nicety, they attributed it to generous and religious motives; but Clastic, who was better acquainted with mankind, and consequently not so easily imposed on by the artifices of designing men, attributed it to a very different cause. He was persuaded, that neither religion, nor a regard to reputation, had any thing to do in the matter; and very justly assigned this sudden retreat of Caleb, to a connexion, which he knew had subsisted for some months, between him and his chambermaid.

As the divine had so shamefully deserted his wife, when her expectations of joy and happiness were raised to the highest pitch, our adventurer pitied her condition from his soul, and cursed the wretch her husband, who had betrayed her into so disagreeable a situation; and from the moment that he made these reflections, he determined not
to

to abandon her in the midst of her sorrow, but on the contrary, to give her all the consolation in his power; and as he had for some time been a member of a spiritual congregation, it must be allowed that no properer person could have been found for that purpose.

That this was his intention, we are not afraid of declaring; but in what manner he proceeded towards the accomplishment of his design, we are not yet at liberty to disclose. We can now only observe, that from this fatal resolution were derived those numberless calamities, those alarming dangers, those hair-breadth 'scapes, which afterwards befel him in the world, and which in due time we shall communicate to the public, sincerely hoping that they will serve to deter our rash and unthinking youth from the pursuit of false and prohibited pleasures.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.